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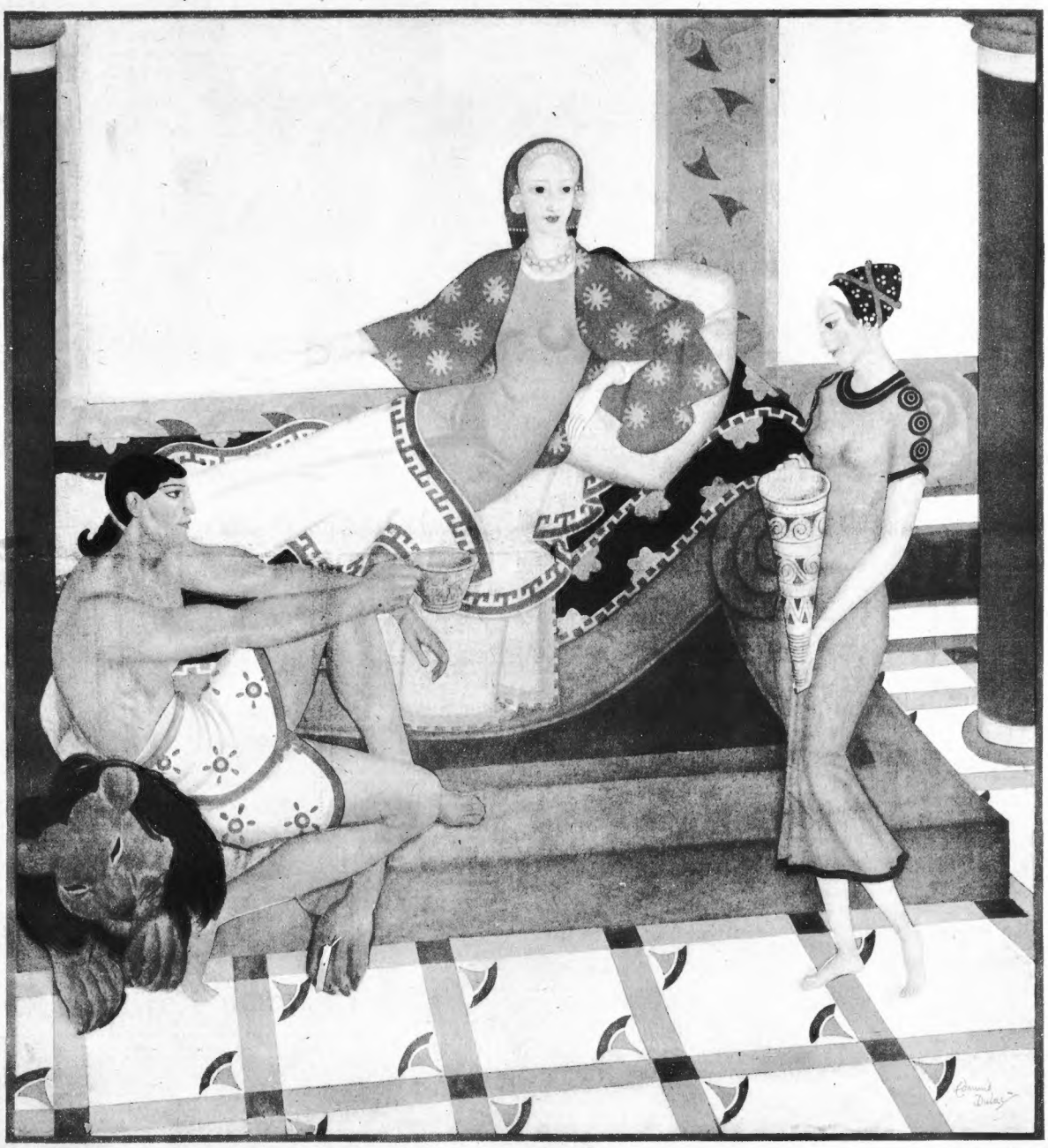

Myths the Ancients Believed

By the Distinguished English Artist Edmund Dulac

HERCULES AND HEBE—

HERCULES was the son of Jupiter and Alcmene, a charming mortal. The Goddess Juno, wife of Jupiter, objected to his philandering. When Hercules was a baby she sent two serpents to strangle him. But the baby strangled them. Hercules grew up the world's greatest strong man. Juno, still resentful, managed to make him bond servant to King Eurystheus. Hercules spent most of his life performing strong-man stunts for this monarch. He died because his wife was jealous and gave him a poisoned shirt. The gods and goddesses up on Mount Olympus, where they dwelt, felt sorry when they saw the hero burning up on his funeral pyre—that is, all except Juno. So Jupiter snatched Hercules off the pyre and brought him to Olympus, bigger and stronger than ever. There he married Hebe, who was Juno's lovely daughter. Cynics say Juno, shown here introducing the pair, made the match out of pure spite, because as Hercules's mother-in-law she could make him more miserable than ever.

Killed Her Childhood Sweetheart as the Movie Audience Looked On

ONE NIGHT, a short time ago, the audience in an East St. Louis movie theatre had its intense interest in the drama being unfolded on the screen rudely and excitingly diverted to a bit of real-life drama that sent a man to his grave, one woman to jail, and another woman—the innocent cause of the murder—fleeing from the scene of violence.

A high note of irony played a part in the tragedy because the murder took place about the time that everyone, except the three people involved, was absorbed in the end of the hero of the movie, who killed himself because his comely young wife was in love with another man.

No one in the theatre knew the story behind the murder until they read the newspapers the next morning. All they knew was that two flashes of flame and two thunderclaps of sound had brought them out of their seats and crowding for the nearest exit.

Some of the more sensitive members of the audience didn't even wait to find out what had happened, but those whose curiosity outweighed their fright packed the lobby and the sidewalk in front of the theatre to see a pale-faced woman, with a revolver in her hand, walk calmly away from a young man, bleeding, and groaning in pain on the floor. It was plain to all who watched his agonies before an ambulance rolled up to take him away that he was doomed to die.

Few of the onlookers paid any attention to a blue-eyed, blonde young woman who stared at the wounded man for a moment and pushed her way through the jam of people to disappear—until the police sought her out to get her version of the affair.

The killing was a mystery for only a few minutes—the time it took Mrs. Inez Bernard to walk from the theatre to the nearest police station. As pale and calm as when she left the theatre, with the gun still clutched in her hand, she appeared at police headquarters and tossed the revolver on the desk of the sergeant.

"I just shot a man," she said.

Before the police had time to find out who she had killed and why, one of the city's hospitals telephoned headquarters to report that Walter Sadoski, 25-year-old stockyards worker, was dead as the result of bullets sent into his body by a woman who committed the deed during the evening performance at the Majestic Theatre.

It was no trouble to get the whole story from the self-confessed murderess. She seemed eager to unburden herself of the reasons for her spectacularly committed crime.

"Walter and I grew up together," she began, almost as though she were reciting the words of a fiction story from memory. "We lived only a few doors from each other and when we were old enough to understand such things, we knew we were in love.

Walter Sadoski, Who Was Shot Down in the East St. Louis Movie Theatre, When His Cast-off Sweetheart Found Him There With Another Woman.

The Majestic Theatre, Where the Tragedy Occurred at the Moment a Similar Episode Was Being Shown on the Screen.

Mrs. Inez Bernard, Slayer of Her Childhood Sweetheart, Who Surrendered to the Police After the Shooting.

"I remember how he used to pull my hair, sometimes, and he called me 'Freckles'. Like a lot of boy and girl sweethearts, we sort of drifted apart as we grew older. I finished school before Walter did and got married. Later I divorced my husband and married again. My second husband, a World War veteran, died and I married a third time. My third husband was much older than I was.

"Walter had joined the army, too. He was a soldier for about three years. I guess it was about two years ago that he came to see me and we renewed the friendship which had started when we were children. My husband found out about it."

The story was interesting, but the police were more concerned with the murder and the woman's reason for killing a man in a crowded theatre. They asked Mrs. Bernard to come to the point and go into the background of the killing afterward.

"I'm coming to that now," she said. "Walter found that he still loved me and he said: 'Divorce your husband and I'll marry you.' I got a divorce and Walter and I lived together. I had been unhappy all my life, and when I pictured married life with Walter I saw my dream of happiness coming true. I was wrong.

"Only six weeks ago we had everything arranged to go to Waterloo, Ill., and get married. I bought a new dress and the two people who were going with Walter and me came to my house. But Walter didn't come.

"Tonight I came downtown to look for a job as a waitress in a restaurant. I saw Walter in a street car with his arm around a girl. I knew he often went to the Majestic Theatre and I felt he would be there with this other woman. Intending to give him a good scare, I borrowed a revolver from an acquaintance, wrapped it in a newspaper, and went to the theatre.

"I found Walter and the girl sitting about four rows from the back. I sat down behind him and, after awhile I tapped him on the shoulder. 'Walter', I said, 'won't you come outside for a minute?' He said, 'Get the hell out of here.' I asked him again and he said, 'Scram!'

"I don't know just what happened then. But I shot him. All I remember is walking out of the theatre in a daze. At first I thought I'd kill myself. Instead, I surrendered to the police."

The authorities checked every detail of the story. They found the blonde who was the immediate excuse for Mrs. Bernard's rash act. She was innocent of any complicity in the crime. So was the man, a poolroom manager, who lent Mrs. Bernard the gun with which she did the killing. The man supposed that the murderess wanted the gun as protection against a negro who had attempted to break into her house.

Some weeks after Mrs. Bernard was jailed, she managed to escape from the county hospital and is still at large. A grand jury recently indicted her for murder. She may, of course, escape the noose—the penalty for murder in Missouri is death by hanging—but her apparent sanity when she made her confession and the calm way in which she armed herself before she followed her childhood sweetheart to the spot where she snuffed out their romance forever, indicates that the law will demand the extreme penalty.

New Persian Laws Torture Drunkards

UNDER the newly enacted penal code of Persia, many unusual penalties are provided, which, if somewhat harsh, are discouraging citizens inclined to misbehave.

Drunkenness, thoroughly frowned upon by the authorities, is dealt with in no uncertain manner. Upon being found guilty of the charge culprits are strung through the dividing membrane of the nose with a strong cord and led through the principal village streets. Frequent offenders are bound, hand and foot, and the cord is passed through the nostrils and tied to a post in a public square for several hours.

Jails, in all but the largest cities, are indescribably filthy and ill-ventilated, and because they also are small, criminals are, whenever possible, punished in some manner other than incarceration in public institutions.

A common substitute for jail sentences is the famed bastinado. The prisoner's shoes are removed, his ankles bound to a long, stout pole, which is elevated to a height of about three feet, thus forcing the victim to lie on his back, legs in the air.

From a large pile of well-soaked bamboo shoots, the "executioner" selects a heavy switch and begins lashing the prisoner's bare feet. When the switch breaks, he takes up another and resumes his work. The number of lashes depends upon the severity of the crime committed. More than 200 strokes frequently renders the wrongdoer a lifelong cripple. A minister of finance once received 400 strokes of the bastinado and died as the result of an infection which set in his lacerated feet.

Disfiguration of criminals is not now so popular as it once was, but the practice still persists in many sections of Persia. First-offense highway robbery without murder was punishable by amputation of a finger; second offense, amputation of a hand; third offense, a foot and a hand. Robbery and murder drew the amputation of one foot and one hand, with increasing penalties for second and third offenses. There are living in Persia several famed outlaws who are helpless, terribly maimed cripples, and one old bandit with neither arms nor legs.

Under the newer code, if any one member of a known outlaw band is guilty of murder, the penalty of death is enforced against the entire gang. Ears, nose and tongue also may be amputated for various crimes. A few years ago, burial alive in concrete was a frequent practice—the victim being crushed to death when the mortar hardened.

Women often were put to death in horrible fashion. Most popular was the practice of shaving the woman's head, blackening her face and causing her to ride, naked, through the town on a donkey. She was then put into a large bag filled with fierce cats which speedily clawed the victim to death.

Shortly after the World War the practice of blowing murderers from the mouth of a cannon was often indulged in. Others were pinioned to a wall by knives, through the ears and hands, and left to starve to death.

Decapitation of murderers was frowned upon for the reason that death was altogether too swift and painless to frighten the country's rougher element.

The Gown That Grew in the Garden

ONCE a year, when the gardens are blooming, the citizens of Weslaco, Texas, take a day or two off from their farming operations and celebrate the fertility of the lower Rio Grande Valley. During this well-deserved holiday they stage a sort of agricultural fair, the high point of which is an event which they devised some years ago and which always wins more than local attention. This is a style show in which all the gowns are fashioned of vegetation fresh from the soil.

This year's winner, seen in the photograph, was Miss Joy Grace, who captured first honors with a costume made of cabbage leaves, grapefruit leaves, kumquats and artistically cut bits of orange peel. Her headdress is made of cotton just as it comes from the field.

Surprisingly attractive dresses can be made from fresh fruits and vegetables. Perhaps the most unexpected feature of the annual style show is the beautiful color combinations possible with the leaves of garden produce and the skins of certain fruits. It is almost impossible to combine the raw materials in a way that is not pleasing to the eye. Mother Nature, it seems, has seen to it that her colors harmonize.

Last year's winner was Mrs. Ben Britton, who captured the first prize with an outfit quite as original, if somewhat different, than that worn by Miss Grace this year. Mrs. Britton's prize-winning "garden costume" was concocted of carrots, cabbages, turnips, beets, lettuce and broccoli.

When the contest was over, she took her edible dress back home with her and dismantled it. She saved some of the vegetables and later served them on the family table, thus proving the truth of a remark made at the agricultural fair—that her outfit "looked good enough to eat."

Miss Joy Grace, of Weslaco, Texas, Wearing Her Curious Costume Made Entirely of Fruits and Vegetables. She Won First Prize at a Vegetable Show Exhibiting the Products of the Lower Rio Grande Valley.

Miss Irene Brown, Linewoman, at Ojibwa, Wisconsin. About to Climb to the Top of a Telegraph Pole to Repair the Lines. She Sees No Reason Why a Woman Can't Hold Down Such a Job as Efficiently as a Man.

KEYSTONE — PHOTO

Climbing to a Career

DURING the years which might be called the Era of the Emancipation of Women, almost every artistic, professional and industrial job which once was regarded as for men only, has been tried, with more or less success, by ardent believers in the Feminist movement.

Nowadays we have women judges, women bank presidents, women legislators and—at the other end of the economic parade—females functioning as automobile mechanics and blacksmiths. But until recently it seems that girls had shunned, or overlooked, the he-man job of stringing and repairing telephone and telegraph wires.

Now this calling is in danger of going the way of many another supposedly masculine activity, because an audacious young woman—the one shown in the photograph above—has donned a lineman's heavy belt and sharp spurs to demonstrate that once a woman gets her mind made up, there is no job that she can't take a fling at.

The girl's name is Irene Brown. She insists that she likes her job, and that her ascent of the high poles that dot the landscape of Wisconsin is more than a stunt to attract attention to her good-looking self. Her home is in Ojibwa, Wisconsin, and her field of operations is the wires that stretch from there to the town of Winter.

The weather-beaten males with whom Irene works at first were inclined to smile at her ambitions to spike her way up poles and work on wires with pliers and wrench and hammer. But they have come to have a lot of respect for her courage, her stamina and her ability, and they admit, frankly that, in time, she can be a crack linesman, if she wants to keep in this rigorous business.

Irene sees no reason why her fellow workers should be surprised at her increasing facility, for she likes to work out-of-doors, she is strong and she is not afraid of height. Already she uses her spurs like a veteran and she would rather work on the forty-foot poles than the twenty-foot ones.

World's Smallest Violin

BESIDES being an able musician, John Faocaro, of St. Louis, has a knack of doing delicate work with tools, and when he is not creating melody for the pleasure of others he is at his workbench making tiny models of things for his own satisfaction.

His latest model, he believes, is the smallest practical violin in the world. This does not, of course, mean that it can be played in an orchestra, but it can be played because it has the usual four strings, a bridge and everything else that goes into the making of a full-size instrument.

As the photograph at the left shows, the diminutive musical instrument is about as small as a violin could be. From end to end it measures a mere two and a half inches, and it is less than an inch wide.

The maker's first problem was to get wood that was suitable for a real violin. The wood had to be well seasoned and straight-grained so that it would not split while being worked, nor warp after it had been fashioned into the proper size and shape.

The job of carving the back and the front of the violin, to say nothing of the head, with its tiny holes for the pegs by which the strings are tuned to the proper pitch, was one that called for extreme patience and delicacy of touch. It took the clever musician several months to complete the difficult job he set for himself.

WIDE WORLD — PHOTO

This Violin, Made by John Faocaro, of St. Louis, Mo., Is Only Two and a Half Inches Long, and Is Said to Be the Tiniest Violin Ever Made. It Is Made to Scale and Can Be Played.

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One of the Hilton "Siamese Twins" to be Married

Mr. Lewis, the Happy Husband-to-Be, Confesses There Were Some Embarrassments During the Courtship With the Inseparably Joined Sister Always Around

Mr. Jack Lewis, the Happy Bridegroom-to-Be, Who Will Marry Daisy Hilton. Mr. Lewis Is a Well-Known Orchestra Leader.

Josefa and Rosa, the Famous Blazek "Siamese Twins." Rosa Fell in Love, Was Married and Had a Baby, Which She Is Shown Holding On Her Left Arm In This Photograph.

The Attractive Hilton "Siamese Twins," Inseparably Grown Together by a Wall of Bone Which Unites the Lower Parts of Their Spines. Miss Daisy Hilton Is Shown on the Left and Her Sister, Violet, Is on the Right. It Is Daisy Who Is Engaged To Be Married.

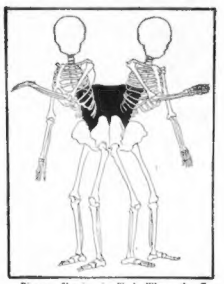

Diagram Showing in Black Where the Two Spines of the Girls Are Grown Together with a Wall of Bone and Flesh. Surgeons Studied Long and Thoughtfully and Finally Decided That It Would Not Be Safe to Saw Them Apart.

Full-Length Photograph of Daisy and Violet Hilton, Each One a Fully Developed Individual But Irrevocably Joined Together by a Growth of Bone Which Cannot Be Removed.

DAISY, one of the Hilton Sisters, famous "Siamese Twins," is to marry Jack Lewis, a young Chicago orchestra leader. Romance, with one of these twins irrevocably cemented to another for life, is interesting, complicated almost beyond ordinary understanding, but not impossible, for it has been done before and with considerable success.

Next to murder, love-making is about the most personal and exclusive job in the world. All the world may love a lover, but lovers don't want anyone in on the loving. The question at once arises as to how Mr. Lewis managed to woo and win Miss Daisy, with the inseparable Miss Violet always welded to her, spine to spine, by a solid link of bone.

As many a man learns to his cost, courtship is impossible while a girl's young brother is hovering about the room. However, that can always be fixed. The suitor whispers a few words in the ear of the grinning boy, a piece of silver changes hands and the young nuisance abates himself. But millions could not bribe Violet to go away, because it would be death to both. Surgeons after careful study of X-ray pictures have decided that the twins cannot be cut apart.

No maiden, as far as known, ever said yes to a man until he had convinced her that she was different and superior to all other women. But could Mr. Lewis or any other man get that speech over to Daisy while her twin, an exact duplicate, was right beside her? He could and he did, but it took the aid of science and a cabinet-maker.

Since it was physically impossible for Violet to step out of the room, it became necessary for Jack to go out and call his beloved up on the telephone. When Daisy answered the telephone, Violet had to go with her, but in their Texas home a telephone booth has been so constructed that one sister can shut herself inside, while the other twin remains outside, knitting, sewing or reading a book. Other men have made love over the wire and on these occasions Jack had no unusual difficulty in convincing Daisy that she was different from every other girl, even her facsimile twin. And, after all, it is true.

For instance, Violet enjoys a cocktail while Daisy never touches any form of liquor, which gives Jack opportunity to quote all the literature of prohibition. Violet never smokes, while his Daisy likes cigarettes, which he thinks is very cute. Also Violet is quiet and demure in contrast to her sister, who is talkative, vivacious and so assertive that in walking she always leads.

Perhaps the most delicate of all Jack's courtship problems was to make Violet like him just enough, but not too much. Many a man, with a whirlwind courtship has carried a girl off her feet and taken her away from parents, brothers and sisters who despised him, but the one thing that made it possible was the fact that he did take her away from their presence and influence. Had the girl been attached to any of the enemies as Daisy is tied to Violet, such a romance would have been unthinkable.

Anyone can see that if Violet disliked Jack he would have no chance at all. He says so himself. Violet likes him, thinks he is a nice boy who will make her sister happy and would "feel terrible" if the engagement should be broken. Now he has a "friend at court" always there to put in a good word for him in case of one of those lovers' quarrels.

In that one particular he is a little better off than the ordinary young man, courting the ordinary girl who can always get mad and perhaps seek consolation from some rival. Where Mr. Lewis shows rare diplomacy is in not letting Violet's liking go too far. The twins not only look alike but they think alike so that what pleases one pleases the other. It must be something of a feat to keep one twin in love and the other liking but not loving him. If in his efforts to keep Violet's favor, he should underestimate his attractions and cause the sister to fall in love, the demon jealousy would enter and there would be nothing for Mr. Lewis to do but go.

Thus far he has managed to walk that tightrope without a slip, but what about the honeymoon and the later more prosaic days of married life? In all the literature of the world there is not a word of advice on how to manage a bride when her sister is present on all occasions. Even the most devoted couples have some quarrels, but these can be forgiven and patched up, if nobody knows about them. It is the overheard scolding which can never be forgiven. Therefore during their entire married life, if Mr. Lewis wishes to criticise Mrs. Lewis safely, he will have to step out and call her up from the nearest pay station. Also if Mrs. Lewis finds it necessary to give Mr. Lewis "a piece of her mind" without disastrous consequences, she will have to do it from her private phone box.

Presumably, if Jack ever comes home at an unholy hour, he will face an angry double figure in a nightgown. Many a husband has faced just such a double menace, but he can always make the double figure turn into one by closing one eye. Jack cannot do this. He may expect the left half of the apparition, which is Daisy, to stretch out a hand and in a terrible voice, say:

"Here is a nickel. Go right back to the drug store on the corner and call me up. I wish to speak with you."

It would be hopeless to contest her divorce because Daisy has an eye-witness to corroborate every act of her life who was present at all her conversations except those lately on the telephone. Lest any one think that romance and marriage are absurdly impossible it should be mentioned that there have been at least three fair successes among the only nine pairs of these twins that have grown up during the last century.

The original "Siamese Twins," so-called because they really came from Siam, were Chang and Eng, who startled the world in 1829. On the profits of their tours, they settled down as farmers, both married and were fathers of children. Of the Blazek "Siamese Twins," Rosa and Josefa, Rosa married, lived happily with her husband and sister till he was killed in the World War, and she had one son. Therefore, though it is not the easiest way to be happy though married, it can be done.

As a matter of fact, the problem is not so embarrassing as one would imagine, chiefly on account of certain laws of compensation and accommodation which mercifully appear in all forms of life. An armless person learns to paint, write and achieve other astonishing things with his toes. Legless people get around surprisingly well on wheels, and Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind, reached such prominence that she was treated rudely by George Bernard Shaw.

One of the first and most embarrassing problems which "Siamese Twins" must face and solve in early childhood is absence of privacy. Neither can have an experience alone. If either gets a scolding or spanking, the other is at least present and soon learns to ignore mortifying things that happen to the other twin. They must cooperate in every possible way or life will drive them both crazy.

This means that if one has a boresome friend, the other learns to read or busy himself with his thoughts and pay no attention. It is only one step from this to not listen when the other twin wishes he or she were absent. Jack says that Violet knits or reads while he is holding hands with Daisy and murmering words that are only for that lady's ears. That Violet is a good sport and really is not "listening in" on the lovemaking, he really believes. He says that sometimes, under such circumstances, they have to speak Violet's name twice to get her attention. At other times, especially on railroad trains, Violet, bored by the lovey-dovey talk that interests the other half to which it is addressed, often falls asleep. These things promise that the honeymoon may not be so embarrassing as might be expected. Anyhow they are in love and the poet Alfred Noyes assured the world more than a century and a half ago that "love will find out the way."

Jack Lewis, the happy bridegroom-to-be, seems exceptionally well fitted for his unusual part. He is only 21 years old, young enough to make the necessary adaptations. Also he is a very successful orchestra leader, used to traveling and theatrical people, which will help in more ways than one. Whenever the Hilton Sisters are seen on their feet in public, even stepping from a taxi across the sidewalk or entering a restaurant, they are the target of all eyes. Many husbands would be annoyed at this staring, but Jack, being in the profession of public entertaining, does not mind. It is the twins themselves who don't like it and his adroit tactfulness in the matter first won their hearts.

They met in the New York office of Ferdie Simon, who happened to be agent for both or, rather, all three of them. Jack says that at first sight he was attracted to Daisy. How this could be, considering that the twins are at first glance as alike as two new silver dollars, is hard to understand, but no doubt it must be so. Jack went out first, and when the girls came out later they found him waiting with an invitation to dinner.

Should they accept? He seemed nice, but he had no experience in handling "Siamese Twins"—few people have. Would he manage things so they would be stared at as little as possible, or would he blunder and embarrass them? They liked him and, as girls usually do, took a chance.

He had a taxi waiting and ushered them into the back seat so skilfully that passers-by thought it only two girls, one in such a hurry that she was crowding the other. They were concerned about the restaurant. If they must sit at an ordinary table, this would mean pushing two chairs together and, as the girls must sit almost back to back, they would be unpleasantly conspicuous. The young bandmaster had been using his head and now he told the twins that he had selected one with booths in which a bench surrounded the tables. His explanation was that it would be more cozy and intimate than a dining room. What was more important, though he did not say so, was that it gave the girls a chance to sit comfortably and without their peculiarity thrusting itself on the public notice.

Yes, there was no doubt about it. He was a nice, thoughtful young man, competent not only to lead an orchestra, but to lead a pair of "Siameses" around town. However, that first evening, Jack, on the other side of the table, had to do some acrobatic sliding back and forth that shined the seat of his trousers. This was in order to address an impartial amount of conversation to each of his guests. Now that both understand that he is engaged to Daisy, he sits on her side, which saves a lot of labor.

When the sisters attend theatrical performances not their own they go in through the stage entrance and come out into the house through the "green-room" door which connects with the stage right at the entrance to the boxes. They manage to place themselves on two chairs in the back of their box in such a way that the audience rarely notices anything unusual about them. To occupy two orchestra seats would necessitate removing the arm rest between the seats.

When Jack takes Daisy out it must not be supposed that Violet merely tags along by necessity. The party is usually a foursome. She, too, has admirers, one of them with very serious intentions. Whether he wins or not is said to depend on how successful Jack and Daisy's marriage turns out, a matter on which Violet will be well informed.

If and when there is a second wedding the two couples will live under the same roof, but in order not to further complicate things the first husband will probably not go on his sister-in-law's honeymoon, though, of course, his wife must attend.

Asked if he dared say why he thought Daisy more attractive than her twin, he replied:

"Both of the girls are swell, but Daisy is so smart and cute at the same time. She is the cleverest girl I've known and I've known a good many. In my travels about the country, possibly, has beautiful auburn curly hair and the bluest of eyes. Daisy, with unknown exception, would conserve great deal, yet she is one of the most serious young ladies I've met. It refuses to let her absorb resistance to microbes an affliction and a decrease changes in the progress in life. Jack indies which would enable, regardless of the phone indefinitely the my body, my mind, we call "old age." There going to let it rub element injected into our Never will I believe which would act directly is the master of our brains and nerves, not only

Jack, in C ting the mental processes, but letter every trying them permanently. rives from Eh an encounter might even prepare making a race of super-men, an idea well tour. ch the English novelist, H. G. Wells, turn to ized in one of his early books, "In Daisy's me Days of the Comet." Here the from the orld was converted overnight into a afford, lace where all base passions were traction ped out from the minds of mankind money. by the introduction of a strange new One gas which the comet carried and left of this behind after its contact with Earth. get alo There is very little chance that our mony. sun will ever collide with any other for wi star. Stars are too far apart in space falling and too small in relation to their distances. Astronomers compute that if not sp the average star were the size of an was th ordinary orange, their distribution in drink, space is so sparse that they still would "teeto be about three thousand miles apart. Siame It is computed that celestial collisions the occur once in a million billion years, brot

Special Telephone Booth Arranged to Give One of the Twins a Little Privacy in a Telephone Talk with the Man She Is Engaged to. A Panel Was Arranged to Slip Down Between the Two Girls to the Point Where They Are Joined Together by the Arch of Bone. This Put One of the Girls Into the Telephone Booth While the Other Girl Remained Outside. In this Picture Daisy Has Finished Her Conversation with Mr. Lewis, and Her Sister, Violet, Is Shown Inside the Booth with the Telephone at Her Ear.

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New X-Ray Mirror for Studying Criminals

Looking Into the Front of the Mirror, It Appears Thus to Be an Ordinary Looking-Glass, Reflecting Back the Image of the Man Holding It.
(Photos Courtesy Kelly Auto Glass Co.)

The Mirror, However, Is Transparent, from the Back. Held as Shown in the Photograph Below, It Becomes a Window, but the Man Looking Into It from the Front, Cannot See Persons in the Back. He Sees Only a Reflection of Himself.

Although the New X-Ray Mirror Is Finding Usage in Private Clubs and Offices, Giving Those on the Inside a Means of Seeing Who Is Outside, While the Outsider Sees Only a Mirror, It Is Also Being Used by the Police. The Drawing Shows How a Criminal, Under Police Examination, May Be Watched and Identified by His Victims, of Whose Presence He Is Unaware. The Mirror Attracts His Attention, and His Face May Be Studied Without His Knowledge.

FOR a long time the police authorities of the country have been looking for some device that would enable them to have a good look at criminals while the law-breakers were unaware of the fact that they were being scrutinized. They seem, at last, to have such a device in the so-called X-ray mirror.

As the photographs on this page clearly show, this magic looking-glass is so made that a person looking in the front of the mirror sees only his own reflection, while someone looking into the back of the mirror sees through the mirror as though he were looking through a slightly smoky section of ordinary window glass.

Several panels of this remarkable glass have been installed in the headquarters of the Chicago police department and they are proving useful, not only to the police themselves in watching the behavior of a suspect when he thinks he is alone and unobserved, but to the victims of criminals, who can identify the crooks and thugs without these hard-boiled hoodlums suspecting that people they have wronged are studying them at close range.

Oddly enough, the X-ray mirror is quite as much of a boon to certain other individuals as it is to the police—particularly to the owners of private clubs or refreshment centers. With X-ray mirrors in the entrances to these places, the managers can look over their patrons and would-be patrons before they let them in, or deny them the privilege of tossing off a few drinks or trying their luck at the gaming tables.

Because of the peculiar construction of the glass, it is impossible—from what might be called the "front" side of a sheet of the material—to tell it from an ordinary mirror. It is practically as "reflective" as a looking-glass made in the ordinary way and which, of course, can't possibly be looked through because it has a backing of opaque material. From the back side, a sheet of this special glass looks not at all like a mirror but like a piece of darkly tinted plate glass.

Movies' Wind Machine Helps Forest Firefighters

QUITE by accident, the discovery was made that the interesting wind machines which the Hollywood movie producers use to make storm scenes realistic in the films are highly efficient fire fighting apparatus. Not long ago, when a movie was being "shot" in one of California's great open spaces, the underbrush in the area caught fire from a carelessly discarded cigarette and within a few moments, a stubborn forest fire was raging, and the flames were spreading rapidly because of a brisk breeze.

There was no water in the neighborhood and there seemed nothing to do except watch the fire spread until one of the men in the company of actors and technicians was smitten with the brilliant idea of fighting the flames with the battery of wind machines on the scene.

The machines were hustled to a break in the underbrush directly in the path of the flames and the airplane propellers were tilted slightly downward so that they kicked up great clouds of sand and sent the soil over the burning area like a huge blanket. The wind created by the propellers drove the flames backward and the sand rapidly smothered the fire.

In a thickly forested area, it is doubtful if the wind machines would be of much use. In the first place it would be impossible to get them through the trees to the scene of the fire and in the second place the force of the artificially created wind probably would not be sufficient to drive the fire back onto itself and keep it from spreading, as forest fires will.

But in areas where the patches of trees and brush are interspersed with open spaces of sand or soft soil—and particularly where there is no water—the devices that make the movies more thrilling for the country's theatregoers could be pressed into service as highly efficient pieces of modern fire-fighting apparatus.

One wind machine running at top speed can throw more sand on a fire than 20 men, and while it is laying this flame-quenching blanket of non-inflammable material, it holds the fire in check by blowing it backward, so that its progress is checked entirely, or is slowed down so that the fire fighters have more time to get in their work.

It is possible that the taking of a scene for a motion picture may lead to a special type of wind machine made especially for fire fighting. One manufacturer is said to be playing with the idea and experimenting with different types of motors and propellers to determine how much power is needed and just what type of blade will best pick up sand and soil and spread it.

CLOSE PHOTO

The Powerful Apparatus Which Is Used by the Film Directors for Creating Desert Sandstorms and Hurricanes Has Found a New Use. Recently the Device Shown in the Photograph Helped Firefighters in California to Check a Stubborn Forest Fire. The Terrific Blasts Carried Clouds of Dirt and Sand to the Blaze and Succeeded in Smothering It.

Miss Angela Brett, of London, Who Is Probably the Only Typist Ever to Be Formally Presented to King George.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Typist Who Was Presented to the King

LONDON.

MISS ANGELA BRETT has the distinction of being the only stenographer to curtsey before the King and Queen during a session of the Royal Court in famous Buckingham Palace.

Queen Mary, when the comely young woman stood before her, smiled her warmest smile and chatted with her a moment before she received the next favored guest. So did the King.

Perhaps the royal couple would have done the same if Miss Brett had been an ordinary "typewriter pounder," but they knew that she was that by her own democratic choice, and that she labored diligently in the Foreign Office only because it was her whimsy to be useful as well as ornamental in the fashionable Mayfair set. For Angela Brett is the daughter of the Hon. Maurice Brett, war hero, author and librarian of the world-famous London Museum. More than that, she is the daughter of the Hon. Zena Brett, known on the British stage as Zena Dare and the creator of a dozen distinguished roles. This season the mother of the typist-who-went-to-court starred in the part of Mrs. Darling in a revival of Barrie's "Peter Pan."

When Angela Brett told her titled and wealthy friends that she had made up her mind to "be useful as well as ornamental," they supposed that she was going to sponsor a day nursery or devote herself to one of the many charities that claim some of the time of British young women of the so-called upper classes. They were a bit shocked when she informed them that she had applied for a typist's job in the Foreign Office, that she had demonstrated her ability as a taker of shorthand and as an operator of a typewriter, and had got the job on her own merits.

"I was afraid," she confessed, "that they would find something for me to do just because daddy and mother are somebody, as the saying goes. But I was assured that I really am rather good as an amanuensis—that's what stenographers are called for some weird reason—and that I would be given a chance to take on as much work as I could handle. So, as they say in the comic magazines, 'she got the job'."

The only typist to be received at the Court of St. James believes, as do numerous other young women of her set, that the day of "pomp and circumstance" is over and that anyone who can be of some use to himself and his country ought to put aside the privileges of caste and get busy.

The Australian Zoo's Champion Rat-Catcher

AMONG the feathered creatures in Melbourne's zoo is a full-chested, comical-looking fellow who can give the smartest tabby cat cards and spades at the business of catching rats and mice. He is the Australian laughing kingfisher, so called because his song, if it can be called that, sounds like nothing so much as a raucous, ironical scream of merriment.

In his natural habitat the kingfisher prefers fish to rodents, but he relishes a rat or a field mouse now and again, and he is as quick to pounce on one as he is to sit in a tree along the edge of a stream and spear himself a fish dinner when he feels the need of a meal.

For all his plumpness the laughing kingfisher is surprisingly fast on the wing and accurate with his lancelike beak. Add to these attributes an exceptionally keen eye and you have the secret of his efficiency as a stalker of rats and mice.

Just before the photograph was taken a mouse ventured timorously into the cage in which the kingfisher lives. The instant the bird spotted the little rodent he quit preening himself and stood as still as a statue. He waited until the mouse was a good distance from his hole. Then, with uncanny judgment, he dropped from his perch like a hawk diving for a chicken, struck the ground between the mouse and hole and nabbed the victim with a lightninglike thrust of his beak.

He flew back to his perch to crush the life out of the little animal and, incidentally, to have his picture taken by a cameraman who happened to be in the zoo making camera studies of some of the other animals there. The laughing kingfisher is no respecter of rodents, for he will attack a full-grown rat as readily as he goes after the smaller mice.

The Australian Laughing Kingfisher, Which Has Cause for Laughter. This Chubby Little Feathered Fellow Is the Champion Foe of Rodents in the Melbourne Zoo.

WIDE WORLD—PHOTO

This Violin, Made by John Fooc
Inches Long, and Is Said tc
Made to Sco

Growing Weeds Baffle Scientists

WHEN some of Uncle Sam's scientists charged with helping farmers raise crops more efficiently got the notion that certain weeds could be made to enrich land, they contemplated no trouble in making the things grow. Mother Nature, they knew, has a perverse liking for weeds and causes them to flourish almost everywhere, particularly in the spots where farmers want to raise useful crops.

These experimenters for the U. S. Department of Agriculture had observed that tobacco grew best on land which had been allowed to run to weeds the previous year. So they decided to grow weeds on some experimental plots with a view to improving certain strains of tobacco.

One piece of land was planted with ragweed, another with stickweed and another with the pest known as partridge peas. The men of science expected that the weeds would overrun the plots and demand no attention. But they had a surprise in store for them—the vegetable pests behaved like so many delicate orchids and insisted on a great deal of cultivating and watering. Perversely, they decided that they would grow naturally, and where they wanted to, or not at all.

Just why it turned out this way is still something of a mystery to the experimenters, but they applied their scientific knowledge of plant growing and, after considerable trouble, succeeded in making the weeds cover the plots on which they were planted.

The experiments were successful, as well as informative about the whimsicality of weeds, for the land in which the seemingly useless plants were grown was definitely richened, and the next season, when it was plowed and furrowed and planted to tobacco, the crop was more than ordinarily heavy and of improved quality.

The information learned by the experimenta is of especial value to tobacco growers, who, adjusting their crops to the demands of the market, find that they do not need to plant all their land to tobacco every year. On this spare land they can, strange as it sounds, cultivate weeds, thus insuring a better crop of tobacco the following season.

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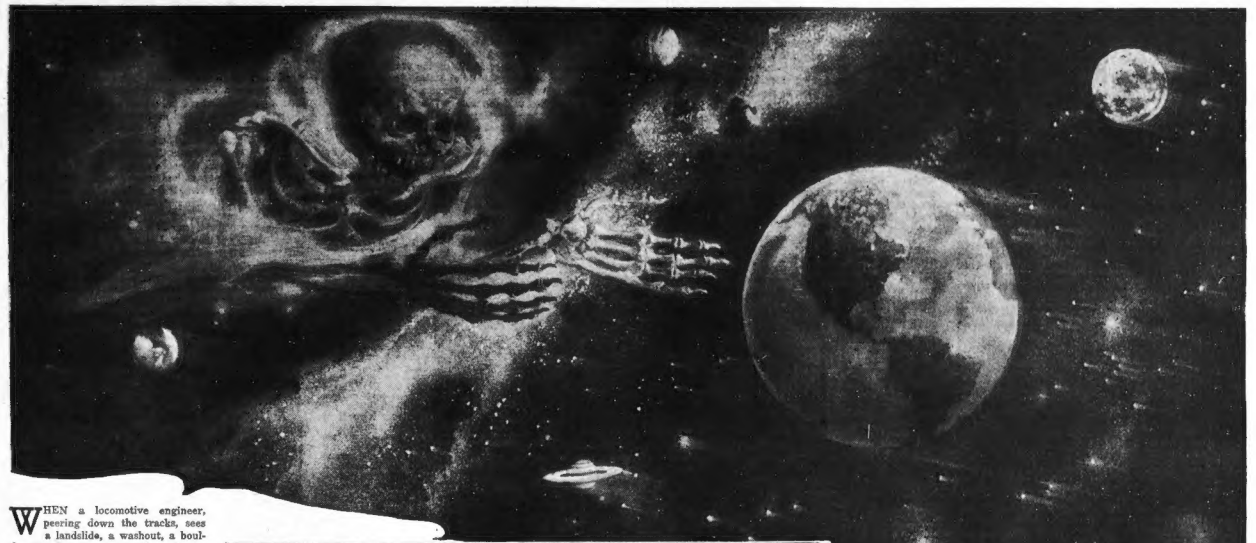
Unknown Perils in Earth's Path Through Space

Vast Dust Clouds or "Cosmic Fogs" Which Might Bring Universal Death, Another Ice Age—Or Make the World More Livable



WHEN a locomotive engineer, peering down the tracks, sees a landslide, a washout, a boulder or other menace on the rails, he puts on the brakes and stops.

The astronomer, peering through his telescope, looks down the trackless path through which the Earth is plunging. Like the engineer, he knows exactly where he is going and how fast—also, at present he sees no visible obstacle.

However, the "headlight" of the sun does not penetrate many million miles beyond the solar system and if he should detect something blocking the heavenly "right of way" what could be done about it? There are no brakes to be put on, nor any method of swerving the Earth a hair's breadth from its course.

Dr. Harlan T. Stetson, director of the Perkins Observatory of Ohio Wesleyan University, recently called attention to one strange peril that Earth may roll into sooner or later. This is what astronomers call "cosmic fogs," but are really vast dust clouds in space, covering areas many times larger than that taken up by our whole solar system. Dr. Stetson, who studies the heavens through the third largest telescope in America, warned that the result of this would probably be another Ice Age, with glaciers covering most of the world, and if the "cosmic fog" was dense enough the oceans and even the atmosphere itself might freeze solid, wiping out all life.

The Earth whirls around the sun at a rate of about 18 miles a second, but if this were all it did there would be little more danger of running into anything than there is for a child going around and around in a merry-go-round. The trouble is that the sun itself, carrying the world and all the other planets with it, is also moving at about 11 miles per second in the general direction of the bright star Vega in the constellation of Lyra. Anyone who cares to get up around sunrise this time of year in the northern part of the United States and look straight upward, is gazing down "the tracks" where he is traveling at 11 miles per second whether he likes it or not.

It will take some half a million years to reach the spot where Vega is now and by that time she will have obligingly gotten off the track, but what else is there between here and there? For one thing, as Dr. Stetson points out, quite likely one or more of these "cosmic fogs." At first it was supposed that the Ice Ages were caused by a temporary dimming of the sun, like a candle whose flame burns low for a while and then picks up. But the sun is not that kind of a light and geologists are now inclined to blame the reflection not on any fault of the solar luminary but on some sort of dust cloud through which the solar system passed. This fog, perhaps a last whiff of some vast, distant, dark nebula, would shut off enough of the sun's radiations to chill the Earth and cause the ice caps to creep down from the poles.

Out in space telescopes also disclose a larger number of enormous star clouds having spiral shapes, like Fourth-of-July pinwheels. These are called spiral nebulas. Some of them happen to be so placed that earthly astronomers see their edges rather than their flat sides, as though a person watching the fireworks stood at the side of an exploding pinwheel instead of directly in front of it. The remarkable thing is that these spiral nebulas seen sidewise often have a dark line down their centers, as though the flattened spiral were split into two halves like two dinner plates put back to back. The universal interpretation of this curious appearance is that the dark line is produced by a cloud of opaque dust shot out from the edge of the spiral by centrifugal force, like water drops from a revolving wagon wheel.

"The Plague of David," by P. Mignard—the Mysterious Pestilence Recorded in II. Samuel, 24, and I. Chronicles, 21, Which Killed 70,000 of the Host of Israel Within Three Days and Which May Have Been Caused by Germs of Some Unknown Disease Entering Earth's Atmosphere on Meteors or Cosmic Dust.

In the constellation of Orion is an object which most astronomers believe is one of these almost unthinkably vast dust clouds. It hangs down like a huge curtain, and around its edges can be seen light from suns behind it, like the light that shines around the edges of a stage curtain.

In a few spots in the Milky Way there exist what are black spots in the sky, as though no stars at all were present in that particular direction. One of these which astronomers call the "Coal Sack" is especially noticeable. For many years it has been the belief of experts that these dark areas, instead of representing places where stars are absent, really are vast clouds of dust so dense that they hide the light of all the stars beyond them, like a black hat held up in front of the electric lamp in an illuminated sign.

The spiral star clouds called nebulas, each of them millions of millions of miles across, all are believed to be in rapid rotation and expansion just as is an actual pinwheel while it goes off. The earth itself, modern theories hold, is inside one of these revolving spirals.

There is good evidence that our home nebula both contains and is surrounded by clouds of the dark, obscuring matter, just as the outer nebulas seem to be. Cosmic dust clouds and fog belts may be taken, therefore, as facts. Certainly none is very close to us, or astronomers would see it because of its effect in obscuring the stars behind, but some such cloud may be lurking somewhere to envelop and obscure the solar system thousands or millions of years from now when we have reached its neighborhood.

Geologists long have suspected that the solar system actually has passed through such cosmic fog belts several times in the past; the last time about a million years ago. This is one cause imagined for the Great Ice Age, which unquestionably did begin at about that time. At least twice in earlier geologic history, once about 250,000,000 years ago and again at a still earlier age, there seem to have been similar Ice Ages. Not all geologists agree that cosmic dust was the cause of these glacial events, but that is a plausible theory favored by many.

No one can be sure, however, that another Ice Age would be the only effect, or the most damaging effect, of running into a cosmic dust cloud. It is possible that the solar system is just emerging from such a dust cloud and that the solid particles in space which create shooting stars represent the last remnant of it. Sir Richard Gregory, the distinguished British scientist, estimates that not less than 4 0 0 0 0 0,0 0 0 of these meteors strikes against the earth's atmosphere daily. The remnant of the dust cloud, if that is what these are, is still a considerable one. Geologists report, too, that no evidence of meteorites has been found in any of the earth's ancient rocks, so that the whole matter of meteors, meteorites and comets may be something recent, related to the Great ice Age and representing a part of the cosmic fog that we have just passed through.

There are scientists, on the other hand, who would trace the origin of life on earth to an encounter with some cloud of cosmic fog containing life germs far back in the earth's past, certainly as much as a billion years ago and probably more. No one knows for certain how life on earth began. One theory imagines spontaneous chemical reactions in the ancient ocean, which probably had a quite different chemical composition from the ocean of today. Another theory sponsored a few years ago by the distinguished Swedish chemist, the late Dr. Svante Arrhenius, imagines that the first germs of life came to the earth from somewhere in space. It is admitted that life germs could withstand the cold of space and live for hundreds, probably for millions of years, under these conditions, so that arrival from space is not impossible.

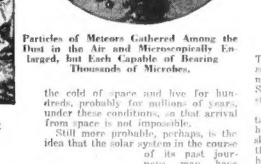
The Black Nebula in the Constellation Orion, Thought to Be "Cosmic Fog," or Vast Dust Cloud in Space.

Still more probable, perhaps, is the idea that the solar system in the course of its past journeys may have passed through a cosmic fog that somehow or other was alive, so that the first germs of life were picked up in this way. Perhaps this has happened several times, adding to the earthly collection more than one kind of life. This would explain some of the mysteries of different kinds of living creatures, such as the germs so different from ordinary ones in their characteristics and habits that they are killed by oxygen instead of needing it to breathe, as almost all other creatures do.

Recently one distinguished American scientist, Professor C. B. Lipman, of the University of California, announced his discovery of living germs inside meteorites known to have arrived from space. If this could be accepted as a fact it would clinch the idea that life exists in space and might have been picked up on earth from some cosmic fog belt.

Professor Lipman's findings, provided they are confirmed, undermine the belief that life originated on the Earth. If the sky is filled with germ-filled meteorities, there is no reason to think they first appeared on earth or even in this particular part of the universe. Presumably this planet, like all the other worlds, has been continually infected and reinforced.

Spinning Along Through Space at the Rate of 11 Miles a Second, the Sun and All Its Planets May Be Headed for One of These Huge "Cosmic Fogs" in Which Death for Every Living Thing May Lurk Waiting to Catch Earth as a Catcher Does a Ball—but Such Clouds Might Also Be Either Harmless or Contain Elements Advantageous to Life.



Particles of Meteors Gathered Among the Dust in the Air and Microscopically Enlarged, but Each Capable of Bearing Thousands of Microbes.

The constant reinfection of the Earth from the skies is a possible explanation of many mysteries. In historic times strange new plagues have arisen mysteriously and swept over the known world. Medical science supposed that these diseases must have been endemic, that is, permanently in existence, at all times, in certain parts of the world, usually the teeming hordes of the Orient, from which they burst forth in epidemic from time to time to decimate the rest of the world.

The Health Department of the League of Nations traced the present not very serious epidemic of influenza to an outbreak in the clean and civilized State of Kansas. They were at a loss to account for such a starting point, but some day it may be learned that somebody in that State picked up a funny looking black stone and broke it open.

Disease microbes are specialists, attacking certain forms of life and not bothering others. It may have been a sky-spread epidemic that exterminated the monster prehistoric lizards. The horse is known to have originated in the Americas, yet something exterminated the animal there, though descendants of those that wandered over into Asia and Europe survived to the present day. When the Spanish Conquistadors landed in America their horses were as much a marvel to the natives as their firearms. Was the American horse wiped out by germs from a meteorite that fell on American soil?

It is also possible, however, that an encounter with one of these "cosmic fogs" might make the Earth much more livable than it is at present. It is not scientifically impossible that such a cloud might contain unknown elements or gases which, instead of being inimical to life, would conserve and prolong it.

Such elements might do this by intensifying man's resistance to microbes or disease, or cause changes in the cells of living bodies which would enable them to postpone indefinitely the deterioration we call "old age." There might be an element injected into our atmosphere which would act directly upon our brains and nerves, not only stimulating the mental processes, but intensifying them permanently.

Such an encounter might even produce a race of super-men, an idea which the English novelist, H. G. Wells, utilized in one of his early books, "In the Days of the Comet." Here the world was converted overnight into a place where all base passions were wiped out from the minds of mankind by the introduction of a strange new gas which the comet carried and left behind after its contact with Earth.

There is very little chance that our sun will ever collide with any other star. Stars are too far apart in space and too small in relation to their distances. Astronomers compute that if the average star were the size of an ordinary orange, their distribution in space is so sparse that they still would be about three thousand miles apart. It is computed that celestial collisions occur once in a million billion years.

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Wiles of A Wicked Woman

IN an English court the other day was unfolded the wicked scheme of an unscrupulous woman, Florence Thompson.

John Brown, a respectable real estate agent of Portsmouth, opened the door of his office to a well-dressed woman who desired to ask him about apartments. She finally selected one from the list and said she would be glad if the agent would kindly show it to her. This he did, and saw no more and heard no more from the prospective customer until he was just about to leave his office some weeks later in his automobile, when the woman stepped up to the car and made a demand which startled him.

It was March of last year that Mr. Brown showed the woman the apartment and when she left, in about a quarter of an hour, she intimated that the place was not suitable.

The real estate dealer heard no more until the middle of September, when the woman put her head inside the window of his car as it was standing in the street.

She asked him to lend her money to enable her to go to see her brother, and when he objected she became annoyed and exclaimed: "I suppose you know I'm going to have a baby!" He was surprised at such a statement and told her to go away. She left making some threats.

About the end of October he received a letter signed

Stepping Up to the Window of the Real Estate Agent's Automobile, the Blackmailing Woman Abruptly Made an Accusation Which Terrified Him.

"F. Thompson," requesting him to meet her outside the Victoria Hall, failing which she would go to his home.

As he was a married man with five children he was anxious to avoid trouble. Being very worried, he kept the appointment.

Mrs. Thompson told him that she had tried to poison herself, and that her father had heard of her trouble and wanted her home. She asked Mr. Brown for $106, so that she could go to Leicester. He replied that it was a serious matter to demand money by threatening him, and she observed that it would be a much more serious matter if he did not give it to her, as she would go to his wife.

Becoming alarmed, he gave her $80, and she promised that he would never hear from her again.

At her request, he again saw the woman in November, and she told him that her father had come to London and had sent her on with a letter which she handed him.

In it details were given of expenses for the anticipated confinement, and the letter continued:

"I think if you gave her $50 that will cover everything. I want you to understand you can please yourself whether you give it to her or not. But she has covered you, deep down in her heart. I must make her speak one way or the other.

"I am an aged man, but I love my daughter, and you love your wife and family. As you have said, you have only her word for it. I undertake after the child is born never to mention anything one way or the other."

The woman declared that if he did not comply with the request in the letter her father would come down and cause trouble at his home. If he paid the money he would hear no more about it from her or her father.

She offered to sign anything to satisfy him on that point, and she wrote on the corner of the letter:

"I have no claim against you in any shape or form.—Flossie Thompson."

To put an end to the matter he obtained $50 from the bank and gave it to her.

Later he received a letter in the name of Pinder, which he recognized as being in the woman's handwriting, asking for an appointment, and when he turned up she told him that since she last saw him her father had died owing to her condition and that her brother had committed suicide following upon the shock of his father's death.

The woman stated that she wanted to go to Canada with her remaining brothers, and the least sum necessary was $125. She repeated that she was in a certain condition, and added that if she did not get the money her brothers would come down and "anything might happen to him."

Brown objected strongly to paying any more money, but "Flossie" insisted that his position would be serious if he did not.

He afterwards received a letter assuring him that she had succeeded in passing a medical examination, adding:

"I will keep my word, you keep yours. I will let you know when baby is born and tell you how I am getting on. Thank you so much for all you have done. God will repay you.—Your sincere friend, Flossie."

On the strength of this letter Brown drew $125 from his bank and remitted it to the woman; then he notified the police and she was arrested and the money was found in a handbag at her lodgings.

According to Dr. Smythe, medical officer of Winchester Prison, Mrs. Thompson was not about to become a mother, and showed no signs of having been in that condition.

Mr. Brown was asked: "Was there any reason why this woman should receive money from you?"—"None whatever." "Why did you pay her money?"—"To avoid her carrying out her repeated threat to break up my home."

The police records of the woman's remarkable career were then introduced, which showed she had started as a ballet dancer, and had for many years been in and out of the criminal courts. She had been convicted eight times of various offences, but had slipped through the fingers of the law on many other charges which were not successfully pinned on to her. She had lived as the wife of six different men at various times, and on several occasions had represented herself as expecting to become a mother. This was her favorite scheme of blackmailing men with families.

The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and the presiding judge in sentencing her to four years in prison, took occasion to remark:

"According to the record, you have been leading a thoroughly dissolute life from an early age. This was a cruel, wicked case. While you are in prison during the next four years, I hope you will learn not to repeat this wicked blackmail. And I hope that other people like you will learn from this case that they cannot blackmail people as you have blackmailed this unfortunate man. It is a terrible story."

Overcame His Victims With "Doped" Cigarettes

EMILE HOFFMAN, a young waiter in restaurants in Switzerland, Germany and Paris, had learned to wear a stiff shirt and dinner jacket and had observed the habits and manners of the fashionable and wealthy whom he served. It would be nice, he thought, if he could somehow manage to exchange his position standing at attention beside the guests and take a seat himself at a fashionable restaurant table and enjoy the meals, and the deference paid to a prosperous looking customer.

So Emile went to London and took on the more distinguished name, "Jacques Clemenceau" and registered in the fashionable Metropole Hotel.

But "Monsieur" Clemenceau was unmasked the other day in an English criminal court as a swindler, robber and imposter who at times had passed as a Hungarian Baron. It was discovered that he had lived in luxury at hotels in England and on the Continent, and some of his astonishing adventures were revealed in a statement he was careless enough to make to a fellow prisoner in jail while awaiting trial. In this he made known that he had devoted himself to entertaining titled women at bedroom champagne parties, and handing out a special "doped" cigarette which made them unconscious while he stripped them of their jewels. He stepped into court smartly dressed in a suit of the latest style, from the breast-pocket of which protruded an amber and gold cigarette holder.

The Bogus Nobleman Lounged About the Fashionable Hotels, Played Upon the Vanity of Rich Elderly Women—Then Lured Them to His Room, Put Them to Sleep With a "Doped" Cigarette and Stripped Them of Their Jewels.

Hoffman asked the Judge to assign him a lawyer, declaring "as perhaps you know, I am the son of a well-known French family of title, and I do not care to spoil their name by calling my father here. I appeal to you to send me back to France. I should not be found guilty and should be discharged."

The judge refused the application and ordered the prosecuting attorney to present his evidence. The lawyer questioned the bogus nobleman and finally obtained the admission that he was masquerading under a false name and that his real occupation was that of a hotel waiter.

Holding up a badge the prosecutor addressed Hoffman: "Is this the Legion of Honor? Do you tell people that you are a member of the Legion of Honor so that you can get credit from them? You have no money, and you are living on your wits, going from hotel to hotel, drinking champagne and smoking cigars, and leaving without paying a penny."

Hoffman replied that when he landed in England he had about $75. He stayed at the Hyde Park Hotel, London, incurring a debt of $175. He then went to the Hotel Metropole with only $25 in his pockets.

The prosecuting attorney next produced a statement which he alleged was made by Hoffman to another prisoner in the cells.

The statement read:

"During the last four years I have been having the time of my life posing as a Hungarian baron and a direct descendant of Charlemagne. Lord Howe and Tom Walls have entertained me.

"I have gone to hotels wearing the Legion of Honor. A decoration never fails to command respect for the wearer. I have danced and made love to titled ladies. That is my game. I am a gentleman crook, and I don't care who knows it."

"And that," proceeded the lawyer, "is how you hoped to make a living here, by preying on these women?"

"No," replied Hoffman.

The alleged statement continued:

"Sometimes I invite the ladies to my bedroom and share a bottle of champagne with them. Then I give them one of my special cigarettes which makes them very sleepy, and if they have any jewelry I take it."

Continuing to question Hoffman, the prosecutor said:

"A woman came to the Hotel Metropole on the same day as you. I will not give her name. You know it as well as I do. You told the man in the cells what you did while that lady was sleeping. About a diamond brooch that was stolen?"—Hoffman: "I know nothing about the brooch."

A Scotland Yard detective gave evidence that Hoffman had been identified by his fingerprints. He had convictions at Antwerp, Zurich and Lausanne.

In December, 1931, proceeded the officer, Hoffman stayed at the Regent Palace Hotel, London, in the name of Hoffner, incurring a debt of $35, and departed without paying.

In 1932, dressed in American clothes and wearing horn-rimmed spectacles, he went to the Park Lane Hotel and booked a room after describing himself as "a visitor from the U. S. A." He left owing $50.

Later he went to the Hyde Park Hotel, and after booking a room asked for another to be reserved for his father, who would be arriving in a few days.

The same evening a telephone message purporting to come from the father was received at the hotel stating that he was arriving with his wife. The message added that if his son should require any money he would be glad to let him have it, and he would post a check or settle on his arrival.

On the strength of this message Hoffman obtained $60 from the manager. His father did not arrive, and Hoffman vanished owing the $60 and $175 besides.

Sentencing Hoffman to six months' hard labor and recommending him for deportation, the presiding magistrate remarked that Hoffman was the biggest liar he had ever met, and had been a great source of trouble and expense.

Hoffman's sentence has checked, for a time at least, his hectic career. He had lived in luxury, and had swindled hotels in London, Brighton, and on the Continent.

Women were particularly attracted by his good looks and charming manner, and on one occasion a beautiful Hungarian woman of title called at one of the West End hotels where he had been staying.

She declared that she had traveled from Budapest to see him, and was greatly distressed when told that he had left.

"Hoffman stayed at the hotel where he had previously worked in Bauen au Lac, Switzerland," an acquaintance of his stated, "and was recognized.

"He gave the name of 'Lord Caldwell,' and his bill was well over $800. Suspicion was aroused when a bedroom key from the Park Lane Hotel, Piccadilly, was found in his bathroom. He had stayed at the Park Lane Hotel last January as 'Dan Caldwell, of U. S. A.,' and left, after giving a dinner party in his suite, without paying his bill."

The police have been unable to persuade any of the rascal's women dupes to appear against him. They are said to have the names of some of the wealthy women who ventured to share a bottle of champagne in Hoffman's hotel room—and woke up from the stupefying sleep brought on by the doped cigarette to find themselves stripped of their jewels. But in each case Hoffman seems to have been clever enough to select a married woman, and therefore felt secure in the belief that she could not afford to let her husband know of her adventure. When the amiable imposter and thief comes out of prison after serving his term, the police of the various capitals of Europe will watch him.

Killed the "Lady Killer" Who Beguiled His Wife

ANY intelligent lawyer will admit that "law" does not necessarily mean "justice," and there are some laws which are not on any statute book. Thus the "unwritten law" of the Southern States, which juries recognize when they turn a prisoner loose who has killed a man who has invaded his home, is an example of commonly accepted justice, although there is no law to justify it.

It was the recognition of this "unwritten law" which the Staten Island, New York, jury recognized when they recently refused to punish Harry Parry, the Coast Guard officer who had put a bullet in the brain of young Garnet Brotherton, a riding-master, and thus ended the life of the man who had beguiled Parry's wife.

Of course, a jury must be given some sort of plausible excuse for administering the "unwritten law." In behalf of the accused killer it must be shown that he had great provocation, a "brain-storm," or was for the moment "insane" and irresponsible for his acts. Provided with such an excuse, juries are likely to pay little attention to arguments of the prosecuting attorney or the rulings by the presiding judge.

The recent trial of Parry aroused great interest, and had many unusual features. Brotherton, it seemed, had acquired considerable reputation in the locality as a lady killer, and was wont to boast of his conquests, despite the fact that he had a young wife and two children.

When first the riding-master's name came to be linked unpleasantly with that of his wife, Parry treated it as merely idle gossip on having his wife's assurance that there was no basis for the rumors.

Gradually, however, it became plain to the young Coast Guardsman that the stories were not so baseless as they had seemed, and one night he taxed his wife, who had that day been out riding with Brotherton, with carrying on a love intrigue with the man.

This time there was no further evasion. Mrs. Parry confessed that the man had fascinated her, that their friendship had long ceased to be on platonic lines, and that she had no intention whatever of giving up that association.

Mrs. Parry.

That night Parry went out to call on the riding-master. On his way he rehearsed the arguments he intended to advance. They were reasonable arguments, chiefly concerning the welfare and upbringing of his four small children.

Brotherton heard the worried man with a sneer on his handsome face, and laughingly declared he had not the slightest intention of giving up Mrs. Parry.

Both the sneer and the insult drove the hot blood to the husband's head, and he started forward angrily, to be met with a crashing blow from the other's fist. Then, as Parry told the members of the jury, "I drew from my pocket a pistol I had there."

Brotherton was found dead, a bullet in his brain, and Parry was discovered on the hours later stumbling blindly along a country road. Of the actual shooting he seemed to have no real knowledge.

Expert medical evidence that was called agreed that this was in all probability correct, one specialist going so far as to express the opinion that this sudden loss of memory was directly due to the blow which the dead man had struck as almost his last action in life.

Neither the accused man nor his lawyers, however, relied on this loss of memory plea. The defense of "Unwritten Law" was boldly set up, and on that plea Parry gambled his life.

"My client is seeking either absolute freedom or a disgraceful death in the electric chair," declared Parry's attorney, in an impassioned speech.

One of the most dramatic moments of the trial was when Mrs. Parry told a crowded court of her love intrigue with the riding-master—an intrigue neither of them had desired to end. "I loved him," she wept, "and he vowed he loved me, too. But my husband is no murderer."

The jury agreed, and quickly acquitted him.

How Long Shall I Live?

HOW long shall I live? was the topic discussed recently by Prof. E. J. Gumbel of Heidelberg University.

This question has always worried men and will always do so, whatever their age, their position in the world and their social claims, he points out. It even disturbs them to a point where it becomes an obsession, because the love of life is rooted so deep in every man, and the uncertainty which they feel about it is the principal element of instability in human existence.

From the most distant time man has resorted to magic to find relief from this uncertainty. The flight of birds and the entrails of sacrificed animals were studied with the deepest anxiety to foretell the future of human life, just as today coffee grounds and cards are studied. Astrologers still try to draw up horoscopes, that is to say, to project the duration and character of a man's existence, according to the position of the stars at his birth. The newest superstition consists in seeking the answer from a little wooden table.

Can science give an answer to this question? Yes, if the question is properly stated, Prof. Gumbel asserted. The

The Expectancy of Life at Any Given Age Can Be Told by Carefully Prepared Tables. But the Forecasts of Astrologers Are Utterly Worthless.

only way to state it scientifically is to do it not in the name of an individual, but for a class. Nature, indeed, is only concerned with large numbers and the isolated individual matters little to her. It is the entire race which evolves. The believer may find comfort in thinking that God is concerned with him personally, but science cannot confirm this belief.

It is therefore as a community that we should consider this question. Statistics furnish an answer which has no ambiguity but which does not concern an isolated individual in any way. This limitation must be remembered if the answer is to have any scientific value.

How can we calculate this expectation of life? In theory we should follow the lives of a great many newborn contemporaries—say 100,000—and note each year the number of survivors. But the results would only be complete when all these men were dead, after 100 years, and would consequently relate to a past generation. What interests us is to establish a table of survival of mortality for the actual population.

The practical interest of these tables is that they serve for the calculation of premiums by insurance companies. It is clear that the premium to be paid by an insured person depends not only on the rate of interest and the demands of the insurance company, but also on the number of years which remain to be lived by the insured person. The scientific interest of these tables is that they reduce to nothing the legend of Methuselah, which returns periodically to furnish copy to journalists.

More recent is the establishment of reliable records of birth. Bulgarians, Turks, Hindus and Chinese, who live to be 150, do not owe it to the exclusive consumption of Yoghourt nor to their ascetic life, nor to supernatural wisdom acquired by the prolonged contemplation of their navel, but to the fact that no one is conscious of his own birth and that there has been no strict record of births in those countries.

The tables of survival show us that mortality is higher in Eastern countries than in Western Europe. In Europe, at least 80 per cent of children born reach the age of four years, and in India only 57½ per cent. In Europe the average child may expect to reach the age of 55 years, in India they do not reach twelve years.

Statistics teach us that mortality depends on the kind of life and the social situation of a person. On the whole the working class has a more unfavorable position than the property owning class. In the United States the colored people are very unfavorably placed compared to the whites. Everywhere university professors, ministers and higher officers die at a very advanced age, while doctors live to be much less old. With regard to death, women are the strong sex; they live as a rule much longer than men.

We can calculate the expectation of life for a certain age or, if we wish, the number of years which remain to be lived on the average for an individual of this age. While studying the variations in expectation of life at different ages in recent decades, we see that, thanks to the improvement of general hygiene, infant mortality has especially diminished. Here is a table showing the prospects of life in the United States at the present time:

At age of	Males	Females	At age of	Males	Females
	Remaining Years:				
Birth	55 years	57 years	50 years	22 years	22 years
10 years	53 years	54 years	60 years	15 years	15 years
20 years	44 years	45 years	70 years	9 years	9 years
30 years	37 years	38 years	80 years	5 years	5 years
40 years	29 years	30 years	90 years	3 years	3 years

In Sweden, where mortality is particularly low, a newborn baby has an expectation of life of 57 years. But if he actually attains his 57 years, life, as if to reward him for having faithfully followed the lessons of the statistics, permits him to live another twenty years. If he lives his 77 years, life gives him another seven years. If he profits by it and reaches his 84 years, four years again are given to him, and so on. We can even calculate the age limit reached by the record holder of a generation of new-born babes, but the calculation will not tell us the name of the happy winner.

The tables of mortality and expectation of life answer in a collective way the great question—How long shall I live? but individual age at the moment of death is in no way determined by these total results. Science very fortunately cannot tell the precise date of your death, which perhaps interests you very much.

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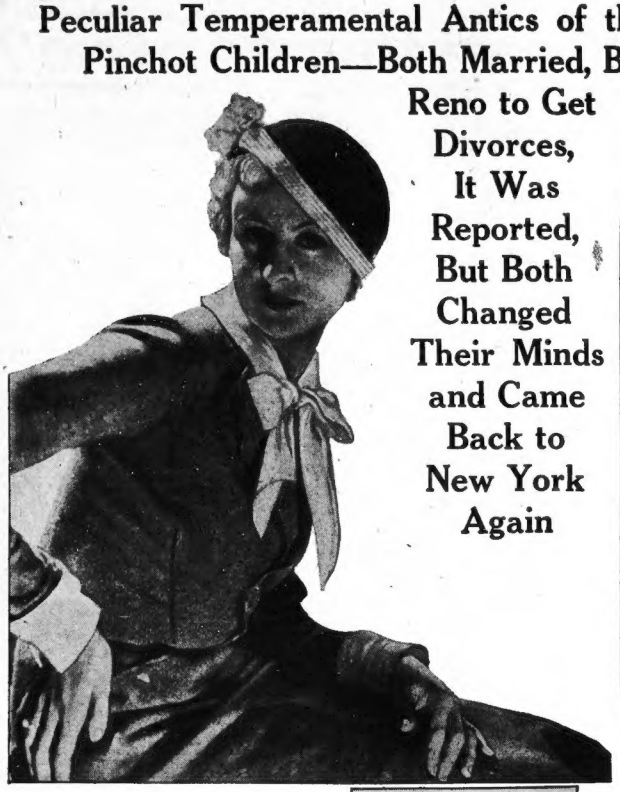
Not Happy Together—Unhappy If Separated

Peculiar Temperamental Antics of the Two Rich Pinchot Children—Both Married, Both Went to Reno to Get Divorces, It Was Reported, But Both Changed Their Minds and Came Back to New York Again



Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, 2nd, French Actress, Who Wasn't Much Disconcerted by Her Husband's Trip to Reno.

William A. Gaston, Calm and Patient Husband of the Vivacious Rosamond Pinchot.

Gifford Pinchot, 2nd, Who Can't Make Up His Mind to Divorce His Beautiful Wife.

Mrs. Rosamond Pinchot Gaston Strolling Happily Along the Street, Not Much Upset by Her Matrimonial Difficulties.

THEY can't live with their mates and they can't live without them. They go agonizing out to Reno to get divorces, only to come agonizing back again, still married. Such is the strange plight of Rosamond Pinchot and her brother, Gifford 2nd, niece and nephew of Gifford Pinchot, Governor of Pennsylvania.

Both married in 1928 and about as soon as the honeymoons were over the trial separations are said to have begun and been often repeated. To separate forever after breakfast, meet at luncheon to settle a few details such as division of the furniture and later the children and reunite at dinner was reported to be the usual program in the households of both Rosamond and Gifford 2nd.

Perhaps the most curious part of the situation was the good-natured placidity with which young Gifford's wife and his sister's husband let their temperamental spouses go and took them back with no more protest than if they had been commuting to town on business.

It is told that last Summer Rosamond said to her husband, perhaps for the thousandth time:

"We can't go on like this!"

She is an actress and can speak such lines with impressive dramatic intensity. This was the cue for her husband, Mr. William Gaston, of Boston, who is not an actor but knows his lines for that scene, to reply with fitting sadness:

"Yes, my dear. You are right—you are always right." The only difference this time was that she followed it up by an emphatic announcement to her friends, it is said. Her decision was "positive and irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians." She was going to Reno immediately or thereabouts and get it over with.

Mr. Gaston appeared strangely calm. He seemed to hope that Providence would intervene, and it did for a while. Rosamond suddenly remembered that the big Presidential campaign was looming. She would have to sacrifice her own personal welfare for the good of the country, and plunged into the work heart and soul.

While she was electing Mr. Roosevelt, there seemed no reason why she should not keep right on dining and otherwise fraternizing with friend-husband. Four years previously the talented Rosamond had worked with equal ardor, training lady orators to orate for Governor Smith, whose defeat cannot be blamed to her because she did the same thing for Mr. Roosevelt and he was elected.

At the same time that his sister in Philadelphia was uttering those fatal words about Reno, young Gifford was addressing his wife in New York with a similar speech. The two scenes were so similar that had they been in two *different* plays there might have been grounds for a plagiarism suit. But there was no stealing of ideas here, merely that this brother and sister think and act alike.

Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, 2nd, is the former Janine Voisin, daughter of the famous French automobile manufacturer. Young Gifford is not a professional actor, but it happens that his wife is on the stage and, therefore, entitled to exhibitions of temperament and emotions. Yet, marvelous to relate, she is as placid as Rosamond's husband.

Young Gifford does not, like his sister, carry the responsibilities of the nation on his shoulders. He is in the silk-importing business, which was not very brisk last Summer and, as he has inherited plenty of money, there was nothing to prevent him from giving up the business and even his Russian dancing for a few weeks in Reno. Yet again, like his sister, he procrastinated, meanwhile remaining the best of friends with his pretty, blonde wife. It was astonishing how calm and cheerful Mrs. Pinchot 2nd and Mr. Gaston remained in the face of the suspended sentences of divorce. Mr. Gaston is also a "second," being the son of William Gastori the first, who ran for Senator against the late Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts.

Just as everyone had about decided that the Reno threat did not mean anything, something happened which convinced them that it did. After she had helped elect Mr. Roosevelt, Rosamond and brother Giffy took the same train from New York for Reno.

"Oh! Oh!" said most everyone. "That's too bad. Now they really do mean business."

Everybody said that except the two persons most concerned, Mr. Gaston and young Mrs. Gifford, who saw their mates off on the train, kissed them farewell and did not seem perturbed in the slightest. The occasion was so pleasant and merry that the porter thought at first that the brother and sister were a honeymoon couple until he learned that their tickets read to Reno. This caused the porter to abandon the theory as unlikely, though perhaps no more so than the real facts about that unusual pair.

While they were away things in the East went from bad to worse, culminating in the bank holiday and presently Rosamond came hurrying back again. As everyone knows, the banks soon reopened and things improved rapidly. She found time to fraternize with Mr. Gaston again, causing some of her rather startled friends to wonder about the divorce. But she hadn't gotten any divorce and soon her brother returned in the same undivorced condition.

Mrs. Gifford, 2nd., who had been carrying on as usual with her stage work and posing for facial cream advertisements, happened to be in Paris when her husband returned to New York. Mr. Pinchot announced that he was soon going abroad, where she will doubtless receive him placidly.

Mr. Gaston welcomed Rosamond as if she had merely been away on a theatrical tour. There was not an unkind word or a mean question.

But friends were inclined to be inquisitive and they wondered why the pair had come home empty-handed from the divorce mill. One of them is reported to have explained:

"The reason is that we love our mates too dearly."

This statement was too profound for most minds to grasp. In fact, to some people it was so deep as to remind them of the old nonsense parody:

"I'm so hungry I can't eat,
I'm so tired I can't sleep
And my shoes are full of feet—
Sweet Marie."

As a matter of fact, that alleged utterance is not so silly as it sounds. It makes sense to such authorities as Dr. L. S. London, New York psychiatrist; Dr. Jacob S. List, psychologist of the Institute for Advanced Education, and Harry L. Hollingworth, psychology professor at Barnard College. According to these, it is not only possible, but not uncommon for a certain type of person to love so intensely that he or she cannot live either with or without the loved one.

There is no mystery about not being able to live without the beloved, the only question is why love could make it impossible to live with that most desirable person in the world. According to those who analyze the mechanics and chemistry of the tender passion, it is the wrong way they love and the stronger they love the worse off they are.

Love, they say, almost invariably starts out on the best possible lines. The young man, in love, spends all his leisure time, to say nothing of some that belongs to his employer, devising ways of pleasing the girl he hopes to win. The girl, if she is in love, puts as much effort into delighting him. All this labor is not entirely in the form of clothes and beautification. Both sincerely strive to do what the other wants and even to be the other's ideal.

The boy would rather take the girl to a picture that bores him than do something he would like better but she less. For the same seemingly unselfish motives she will steer him to a hockey game which means nothing to her. Their only conflict is in trying to do something for the other, and one can't get into much of a row over that.

If both continue that perfect policy through life it cannot fail to keep them happily united until death. The trouble is that pleasing the other in courtship is really not so unselfish as it seems. Behind the idea of pleasing is that of winning and possessing, and with possession goes an inevitable sort of sense of property rights.

The first time a boy in love realizes that the girl has done something to him indicating a sense of possession, he is thrilled. If she considers that she owns him it must mean that she has decided to be his, which is the one thing in the world he wants to be sure of. After marriage that same manifestation may not be so welcome. The girl for the same reason happily lets him make her come in out of the cold or put on an unbecoming wrap. After marriage she may resent such orders. Each thinks that this change in the other must mean that love has cooled, but it may not be anything of the kind.

As they march down from the altar, the winning has been accomplished; both are inclined to ease up on the strain of pleasing and inclined to be natural, which means being selfish. If the inevitable slackening is gradual and not carried too far, the couple will finally make adjustments and settle down on some liveable basis.

But if both are full of that impulsive selfishness commonly known as temperament, instead of compromise there is a series of explosive quarrels, with bitter words that kill love and end in quick divorce. The relentless determination to win the spotlight in the centre of the stage and hold it against all comers is necessary to carry an actor to the heights of his profession. On the stage this tendency is disciplined and curbed by director and manager, but in married life there is no such restraint.

If one partner is full of temperament the other must have little or none at all, as seems to have been the case with both of the Pinchot children. One of them must be a sort of silent partner, paying no attention to tantrums, soothing and humoring the outbursts. But everyone has some right that will not be yielded and even the calmest and most reasonable soul will resist, which is enough to drive the temperamental mate into a rage.

Out they go, slamming the door, but the quiet one has said nothing that hurts, the rage cools, love draws them back and they are forgiven. However, the male or female prima donna knows these frequent scenes are wrong. They should not happen. Who is to blame? The temperamental husband notices that he does not fly into rages at other women. Therefore it must be his wife's fault. The temperamental wife makes the same observation about her husband.

It does not occur to either that the reason they get on better with other people is because they do not love the others and therefore do not mind what they do. If another man's wife gets silly over a cocktail, it is a joke and he gets her to drink another. If his own wife acts silly it is an outrage and an affront to his dignity. Should they manage to stick together until his love has cooled, he won't notice whether his wife is silly or not, because he will be too busy talking to some other woman.

An infinite number of breaks and reunions only to break again, it was only natural for the Pinchot brother and sister to be convinced that they must be married to the wrong people. They could not live peaceably with their mates, even though they tried the extreme precaution of separate homes. Divorce was therefore the logical solution. But off in Reno, among strangers, they realized that they still loved their mates too deeply to bear the thought of losing them. So there they are in the impossible situation of being unable to live happily with them or without them.

What can be done about it nobody seems to know. Temperament is something that is acquired in childhood and after maturity apparently is incurable. The Pinchots are a wealthy family and it may be that these young persons were spoiled. However, children of the poor have it, too, particularly if they have been invalids, specially favored by their parents. Some temperamental persons divorce and remarry the same mate several times.

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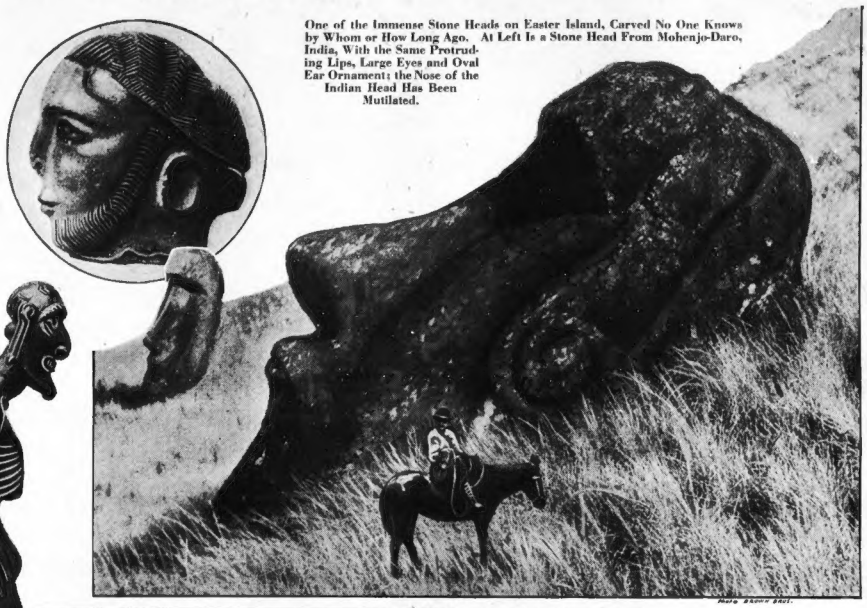
Mystery of Easter Island Grows Darker Than Ever

Carved Symbols, Supposed to Be Writing, From the Indian City of Mohenjo-Daro and From Easter Island, Showing Their Resemblance; the Indian Symbol Is at the Left of Each Pair, and the Easter Island One at the Right.

Carved Symbols and Statues Recently Discovered in Ancient Ruined Cities of India Which Nobody Knows Who Built, and Their Similarity to Objects Found on the Lonely Little Pacific Isle 10,000 Miles Away Makes the Secret of Its Gigantic Idols More Puzzling

One of the Immense Stone Heads on Easter Island, Carved No One Knows by Whom or How Long Ago. At Left Is a Stone Head From Mohenjo-Daro, India, With the Same Protruding Lips, Large Eyes and Oval Ear Ornament; the Nose of the Indian Head Has Been Mutilated.



Wooden Figurines of the Ancient Easter Islanders, With the Same Round Heads as the Mohenjo-Daro Carvings, and Showing the Same Technique of Sharply Incised Lines to Indicate Ribs and Hair.

SIR JOHN MARSHALL, the British Director General of Indian Antiquities, recently discovered at Mohenjo-Daro in the Indus Valley, India, remains of a civilization clearly related to the earliest settlements of Babylonia, long regarded as the starting place of human culture.

The Indus people flourished over 5,000 years ago. They had a writing and a system of laws. Their houses were fitted with excellent sanitary conveniences and plumbing, the city was well drained and laid out on a scientific plan.

Now this discovery has led to one of even greater general interest, for it has linked up Mohenjo-Daro with what has long been one of the greatest puzzles of archeology—the mystery of Easter Island's queer colossal statues and undeciphered inscriptions. Professor Guillaume de Hevesy, a well-known Hungarian scientist living in France, has made a report to the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, through M. Paul Pelliot, a member of that learned body, showing points of likeness between the Mohenjo-Daro civilization and the Easter Island remains. The writing of the two old races shows unmistakable points of identity, the facial features are similar, and there are other resemblances.

One of the many surprising facts connected with this discovery is that Easter Island is about 10,000 miles away from Mohenjo-Daro. But perhaps the strangest of all is that the Easter Island prehistoric writing must have been older than the 5,000-year-old Mohenjo-Daro writing. These facts point to the existence of some unknown common place of origin from which the Easter Island, the Indus and the Babylonian races came.

It has always been an insoluble puzzle to modern archeologists where the prehistoric men of Easter Island came from. Why should an enterprising and comparatively civilized race settle on this little island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, 3,000 miles from South America and over 5,000 miles from the nearest part of Asia? Many theories have been advanced but none proved. One of these theories is that there was once a continent in the Pacific Ocean, which has disappeared beneath the waves. This would harmonize with the known facts about Easter Island and Mohenjo-Daro. It has also been argued with some plausibility that the Easter Islanders belonged to the mysterious race which built mighty Stonehenge in England, but no conclusive proof of this has been found.

Professor de Hevesy begins his report by pointing out that a French missionary, Father Eyraud, discovered sixty years ago some mysterious sign handwriting on Easter Island. It was written on very hard wood, mostly in the form of tablets, but also on other objects such as tomahawks and collars worn by chiefs. French scientists at the time classed these specimens among the earliest known examples of handwriting. They did not know with what civilization to connect them.

Then Sir John Marshall and his assistants found at Mohenjo-Daro and the neighboring city, Harappa, examples of a handwriting they could not class with any other. Concerning the Easter Island writing some common features had previously been pointed out, connecting it with Proto-Elamite, the very early writing found in Babylonia before the Semitic Babylonians of history settled there. Study of the Easter Island writing is difficult, since no complete catalogue of the signs has been drawn up and the tablets are scattered in seven museums as far apart as Santiago, in Chile, Washington and Leningrad.

Photographs, however, have enabled the Professor to prove "the very great similarity," as he writes, between the Easter Island and the Mohenjo-Daro scripts. This similarity, he points out, is particularly interesting because the writing from India, although not less than 4,800 years old and probably 5,000, is the more recent of the two.

He admits that the existence of cultural bonds in early times between places 10,000 miles apart and separated by vast expanses of ocean seems improbable, but the evidence in support of the fact is strong. He exhibited 130 signs from Easter Island and Mohenjo-Daro side by side, the first kind on the right and the second on the left, to show the resemblance between them.

The position of the men's hands and feet, and the objects which they hold in their hands demonstrate, he believes, a relationship between the Easter Island and the Mohenjo-Daro forms of sign writing. Some of the sign figures hold bows and shields, and the pose is repeated almost exactly in the two classes of writing. The same dashes and dots are added in many cases.

The doubling of the signs is frequent in both classes of writing—that is to say, a figure is exactly repeated but joined with its double to show that it makes one sign. Twenty signs from Mohenjo-Daro are doubled in one inscription.

The direction of the writing is a matter of great significance. It is known that all early forms of writing did not run from left to right as ours do. Many ran in alternating lines from left to right and from right to left, like the early Greek writing called "boustrophedon." Others ran regularly from right to left, and others in still other directions. It has been established that the Mohenjo-Daro writing ran from right to left.

The direction of the Easter Island writing was, and still is, doubtful. The early missionaries said that it went from left to right, but later ones, including Harrison, Geisler and Haberlandt, said that it went in the opposite direction.

Professor de Hevesy declares that a photographic enlargement which he has made of an Easter Island inscription shows by its revelation of the motion of the hand which made it that it went from right to left, like the Mohenjo-Daro inscriptions. However, there are irregularities and exceptions in the Easter Island writing which remain to be cleared up.

He points out that the most notable difference between the two writings is in the thin branches, sometimes provided with three to twelve leaves, which are added very frequently to the Easter Island figures, but never appear in those of Mohenjo-Daro. However, they have been noticed in an inscription at Harappa.

On the other hand, the Easter Island writing does not contain the groups of commalike figures, generally from three to seven, but sometimes twelve to thirteen, which are so characteristic of the Mohenjo-Daro script. The professor therefore thinks that these commas may be an evolution of the leaves of the branches before mentioned, a suggestion that is supported by the fact that on some Easter Island tablets these leaves appear alone, the branches having disappeared completely. He calls these leaves "accents."

The signs on the great stone colossuses, which first attracted attention to Easter Island, are not the same as on the tablets. The Professor thinks they may very well be manifestations of two civilizations independent of one another. The tablets may be the vestiges of a very ancient writing, shipwrecked and preserved by a lucky accident, on a desert island far removed from any other. However, it is remarkable that the same projecting lips and other features are found on stone heads at Mohenjo-Daro and on the Easter Island colossuses.

A tradition of the islanders says that a chief landed about 600 years ago on the island and brought 67 tablets with him. The Old Polynesian islanders navigated very often with their "lares and penates"—their household gods—and carried with them their cooking utensils, furniture, and even specimens of the animals and plants of the lands they had left. It is not unlikely that they would have brought with them objects connected with their religion such as the tablets appear to be.

It is known that among these people family history has more importance than perhaps anywhere else. A comparison of genealogical tablets from many and distant islands has proved this. Moreover, the maritime feats of the Polynesian race, who navigated the high seas at least one thousand years before our era, feats which led them in the sixth century A. D. to the confines of the Antarctic, would not have been possible without a considerable degree of science and culture. It would, therefore, be possible that objects were stranded on Easter Island from almost any distance.

A study of the native boats used on the Coromandel coast of India from time immemorial has shown no affinity with the Malay boats used by a neighboring people, but it has shown an affinity with those of the Polynesians. This is further evidence of an ancient connection with people in India and those of the Pacific Islands.

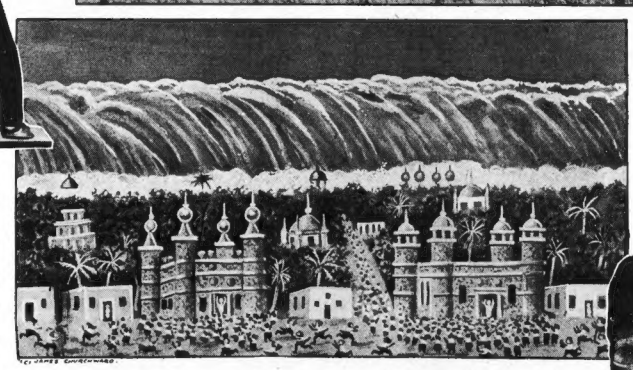
Another scientist, M. Fornander, approaching this subject from a different angle, has traced the origin of the Polynesian Islanders to the country between the Euphrates and the Tigris Rivers. If this be true, Professor de Hevesy suggests that the people of Akkad and Sumer, the predecessors of the historic Babylonians, were themselves newcomers, conquerors, who had driven out a race already highly developed and possessing a writing, evolved in the land of Elam, in the valley of the Indus, and also in some other locality from which during many ages they penetrated to the Eastern Pacific. He thinks it significant that the Proto-Elamic writing shows signs that are found at Easter Island but not at Mohenjo-Daro, indicating that they split off from a common origin.

Another tradition of the Polynesian races asserts they had in their original country a marvelous temple, seventy feet high, surrounded by a stone wall. It appears still more interesting to the professor that they believe they were not a maritime race at first, but learned navigation from an entirely different people.

This scholar says that it is significant that the most ancient writings were developed in parts of the globe not distant from Mesopotamia. He asks if writing, which had reached at least a half-syllabic form, must have not had a certain single point of departure in this region, just as several other basic inventions, like that of the bow and arrow and of bronze, had single centres of origin from which they spread around the world.

"May we not suppose," he asks, "that a relatively cultured class of a tribe, its priests for instance, may have reached the point of reproducing by ideograms (graphic representation of a thought) words of one or several syllables, and that it carried its system to a distance, thus establishing a school? Several of the designs present, when we examine their photographic enlargements, such a finished design, such precision, that they would do honor to an artist of today. Their designers must have been true specialists, members perhaps of a regular corporation."

The professor has arrived at some general conclusions concerning the contents of the tablets. He believes they were genealogical tables in which certain ancestors are merely named while in other cases the salient facts of their lives are related. He intends to publish further revelations on this point.



Curious Picture of the Destruction of "Mu," a Legendary, Prehistoric Continent Supposed to Have Stretched Between What Is Now Easter Island and Asia, With Its Western Shore Close to What Today Is India. From a Drawing by Colonel James Churchward in His Book, "The Lost Continent of Mu." Copyright by James Churchward.

Another of the Mysterious Easter Island Idols Wearing What Looks Like a Brimless Top-Hat.

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Mr. Insull's Unlucky Grand Opera Songbirds

While the Deluded Grand Opera Songbirds Were Singing Their Golden Notes They Were Also Laying Golden Eggs for Mr. Insull, Treasure That Vanished in the Crash of His Companies.

One Tries to Kill Herself, Others Lose Their Savings After the Collapse of the Enterprises of the Fugitive Financier Who Paid Them Their High Salaries With One Hand and Took the Money Back With the Other to Sink Into His Stocks and Bonds

Rosa Raisa in an Operatic "Poverty Scene"—Like a Ghostly Warning of What Almost Happened to Her Through Financier Insull.

IT is most embarrassing to be "hawled out" by a grand opera prima donna—the neighbors can hear it for a mile.

When Samuel Insull, utilities magnate, ran away to Greece, leaving the great financial structure he had built to fall on the heads of investors who had trusted him, there rose a general roar of rage.

Loudest of all the howls and covering the entire range of the human voice from basso profundo to highest soprano were those of Chicago's Civic Opera Company. As an actual fact, Insull heard some of them in far-away Athens, where he is hiding from the law. Of course, even the voice of an indigent and indignant coloratura soprano cannot reach from Chicago to Athens, but some of the infuriated songbirds happened to be over there and they gave him an unpleasant serenade.

This is only the beginning—the worst is yet to come for this fugitive from justice. Right across the little Ionian Sea lies Italy, where almost every operatic singer of any consequence turns up every few years, and most all who have been "stung" promise to run over and tell former wizard Insull what they think of him. It looks as if that gentleman would never hear the end of it. Even Mary Garden threatens, as soon as she has time and money enough, to "give him a piece of her mind." And when Mary opens up and lets go at a man the windows rattle and the air turns blue.

The ancient Greeks believed that criminals were hounded and driven to suicide and insanity by the "Furies," a kind of dreadful, female fiend, who pursued wrongdoers, day and night, shrieking their crimes into their guilty ears. However, the ancient "Furies" were not so bad as these modern ones, because only the malefactors could hear their voices, while everybody hears these furious ladies when they assail the fugitive Mr. Insull.

The theme of the operatic "Furies'" song is a double one. That $20,000,000 tower, 42 stories high, with its two wings, known as "Sammy's arm chair," built over their opera house, ceased to be a nest for the songbirds when Mr. Insull took his departure. This threw them all out of work in the middle of the depression, forcing them to depend on their savings, only to find that those of them who had taken the advice of the opera's patron saint and invested their savings in his stocks had nothing to show for it but some worthless pieces of paper.

Resourceful Mr. Insull had converted their golden voices into real gold, for which they were grateful, but before they had time to fritter it away, many of them had put all they could spare into his stocks. The same thing happened to most all his employees, from high executives to stenographers and even carpenters working on his house. In these cases, however, they were forced to "invest" a large slice of salaries and wages in his stocks.

When they learned that the great "captain of industry" had vanished, Insull was beyond the reach of the law and beyond the reach of all voices but those of his "stung" prima donnas. What they say to him may be his only punishment, but it is by no means to be despised.

The sad case of Augusta Lenska, former contralto of the Civic Opera Company, shows how serious is the plight of some of the once envied and prosperous singers. Recently she tried to commit suicide by throwing herself in front of a Chicago street car and, fortunately, was not seriously injured. Madame Lenska is now 50 years old and had retired, but in her prime, during the seasons of 1924 to 1928, she had sung such remunerative parts as Tibuda in "The Witch of Salem" and

Prima-Donna Mary Garden Who Says She Didn't Invest in Insull Stocks But is Going to Give Him "A Piece of Her Mind". Nevertheless, When She Goes to Greece to See Him

The Prince Serge Mdivani, Mary McCormic's Husband, Who Borrowed $33,500 From Insull Which He Put Right Back in Insull Stocks—And He Still Owes the Money

Mary McCormic, Another Chicago Grand Opera Star, Who Invested in Insull's Enterprises.

Mme. Augusta Lenska, Former Opera Contralto, Who Attempted Suicide After Losing Her Savings in the Insull Failure.

Aucena in "Il Trovatore." From her cot in the charity ward of the Billings Hospital, she explained:

"All my savings were lost in the Insull crash. I had no money and all my friends were in the same condition. All that was left was my voice, and nobody seemed to want that any more."

She had been living in a small room with a big closet in the most inexpensive boarding house she could find. The closet was stuffed with old clothes of fine quality, unsaleable relics of better days. In a crowded, noisy dining room, three times a day, she had to be on time or go hungry. At dinner she had to be content with her portion of none-too-tender meat and learn the technique of eating with one hand while the other kept the bread, water pitcher, salt and vinegar in circulation.

How strange it all must have been to the petted darling of the operatic stage, used to having breakfast served in bed and dinner midst the luxuries of flowers, tall candles, butler service and enhanced by the gentle laughter of friends attired in evening clothes and sparkling jewels? Presently she could not afford even that. If she manages to get there, will Mr. Insull, in his comfortable suite at the best Athens hotel, be pleased to hear how she feels about it?

Rosa Raisa and her husband, Giacomo Rimini, two popular Italian artists, who lost most everything in the Insull fiasco, are likely to send up their cards to him most any day, for they are singing at the "La Scala," Milan, Italy. Their salaries abroad are just about one-fifth of what they were in Chicago. Raisa, acclaimed one of the foremost dramatic sopranos of the time, received the impressive salary of $1,750 a performance from the Chicago Civic Opera Company. Her husband, not so well known, received less.

While the "financial wizard" was skipping the country and a brigade of puzzled accountants were slowly making sense out of his adroitly confused books, they came upon what the runaway had called his "preferred list," but which was soon to be known as the "sucker list." On this they found that not long before the crash Mme. Raisa and her husband had invested in quick succession $12,800, $10,000, $5,000 and another $10,000.

When this sadly mistaken pair, who thought they were being let in on something special because the great man admired them, remind Mr. Insull of what he said when he induced them to hand over their savings, how will he laugh it off? Perhaps he can say he was like the "humorists" who went to a fire and seeing a frightened man perched in a high window, shouted up at him to jump, as they had a net to catch him in. The man jumped and the "joke" was that they had no net.

Some of the others of the opera on the preferred lists of various stocks include Desire Defrere, husband of Hilda Burke, for $5,000; Charles Marshall, $1,000; Ceasre Formichi, $3,000; Cyrena Van Gordon, $7,000; Virgilio Lazzari, $1,000; Roberto Moranzoni, conductor, $5,000; Giacomo Spaoomi, $1,000; Egon Pollak and Herbert Johnson. Then there is the Chicago Civic Opera Investment Fund, which is self-explanatory, on the preferred lists for $50,000. This also was swept away with the tide. But Insull did not get into Mary Garden's bank account. She says:

"No, I didn't lose anything in Insull utilities. I never accepted favors from Mr. Insull, which turned out to be rather fortunate after all, didn't it? He didn't like me and always referred to me as 'that woman,' I am told.

"I think Insull ought to be brought back. I don't like people who run away. What finished the Chicago Opera was the new opera house—just another reminder of Mr. Insull's crazy financing. If we'd stayed in the Auditorium with an artist in charge we'd be there yet."

It is only fair to say that the latter remark was the cause of many a broad smile from Chicago friends of opera, who recalled the million-dollar deficit at the end of the opera season when Mary was its director-general. It was said there were more artists than patrons during that particular operatic season.

Mary goes to the Paris Opera Comique on May 20, where her salary will in nowise compare to the $3,000 a performance she received in Chicago operas. But the Parisians love her, and she thinks the change will do her good. Most any piece of change will do a prima donna a lot of good these days. Also she may be able to take a trip over to Greece while abroad and give Mr. Insull a piece of her well-known mind. The lady says she would love to. That "oratorio" would be worth going all the way over to hear.

Unique in its distinction—since no other opera star seems to have been thus privileged—is the disclosure that Mary McCormic, who caused so much international furore getting herself married to Prince Serge Mdivani, Pola Negri's "ex," borrowed $5,300 from Insull's London branch with which to purchase "Middle West" stocks. Borrowing actual cash from a company to purchase its own stocks might be termed "mitigated generosity."

A still more charming gesture of Insull's London house was a loan of $33,500 to the Prince himself, so that he could purchase 1,500 shares of Insull Utility Investment common stock in July, 1931.

Mary McCormic, once the protege of Mary Garden, seems to have had more or less of a charmed singing career, what with this and that person putting their lists out to smooth her way. When a principal of any opera is disappointed in not receiving a coveted role, he or she usually vents his anger in a passionate outburst in the confines of his own room—or perhaps an effective sulk within feeling and seeing distance of the director.

But not Mary—that is, Princess Mary. Even before she acquired the title, Mary made herself outstanding by going to headquarters with her frustrations.

One of Mr. Insull's former private secretaries tells of the time when the young prima donna flung herself into the great magnate's busy private offices without being announced and held all activity at attention while she shed her expensive mink coat—to the floor—and passionately screamed:

"You said I could have the leading role. You promised it to me. They've given it to that hussy, that woman! What are you going to do about it? Answer me, what are you going to——?"

"Hush, young woman," remonstrated Mr. Insull. "And pick up that coat. You can't expect another one like that for a while!"

All business was suspended for half an hour. At the end of that time, so the secretary relates, the vivacious Mary came dimpling forth, her coat collar wrapped snugly around her, and she nodded gaily at secretaries and assistant secretaries as she danced out the door. This meant that everything had been fixed up right again in the best of all possible operatic worlds.

Yet Mr. Insull in getting tangled up with grand opera had no intention of "skinning" anyone, nor of even making a legitimate profit. His motive was the laudable one of pleasing his wife by getting her into society. He failed even in that, mostly because Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick disliked and suspected Insull.

They did not pass the portals of high society, though the Herculean feat of carrying the Chicago Opera on his back for many seasons ought to have gotten most anyone into that or the poorhouse. In 1923 grand opera seemed sunk beyond salvaging in the red ink of indebtedness when Insull took hold with his usual high-pressure salesmanship, such as floated his various stock issues.

The city was placarded everywhere, numberless committees of exhorters were organized who sent out door-to-door canvassers, and the rich who loved to glitter in the "horseshoe" were persuaded to toss in half a million to elevate the poor. But in spite of everything, the crowds persisted in going to prize fights and vaudeville instead of being uplifted, so that at the end of three years there was a deficit of $1,007,752.

In, , giving it up as hopeless, Insull announced that all Chicago opera needed was a worthy home. Another epidemic of committees, lapel-grabbers and doorbell ringers tormented the city. The only way to get rid of these high-minded, well-meaning folk was to contribute, and soon the $20,000,000 structure started to raise its 42-story head.

In 1932, shortly before the Insull collapse, that gentleman resigned as president and prime mover of the operatic organization, and notice was given out that the next season there would not be any opera for Chicago.

It was the end of that strange attempt to import stars from Italy and other places where people like to hear them and paying them four or five times their normal salary to sing for Americans who apparently don't want to hear them.

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How Dumb and Superstitious Are You?

Columbia University Tests of Students Reveal a Widespread Belief in Popular Notions That Are Untrue, Common "Sayings" That Have No Foundation in Fact, and Superstitions That Have Come Down to Us From the Dark Ages

Do You Believe That—

	Yes	No
1—Snow is frozen rain?	....	....
2—Dew falls from the sky?	....	....
3—The forces of nature always obey nature's laws?	....	....
4—Brunettes are more trustworthy than blondes?	....	....
5—Long, slender hands indicate an artistic nature?	....	....
6—When the sun "draws water," it is a sign of rain?	....	....
7—Any disease can be produced by thinking too much about it?	....	....
8—A change in the moon causes a definite change in the weather?	....	....
9—If you stare at a person's back you can make him turn and look at you?	....	....
10—Beavers know by their instincts whether the coming winter will be mild or severe?	....	....
11—Winters are less severe than they were 30 or 40 years ago?	....	....
12—When boasting or bragging of your good luck, you should knock on wood to keep your luck from changing?	....	....
13—Among pupils of equal age, the most intelligent are on the average physically smaller than those of less intelligence?	....	....
14—A severe winter is coming, if animals acquire an unusually heavy coat of fur, or if squirrels gather an unusually large crop of nuts?	....	....
15—Fish is a brain food?	....	....
16—Astrology is a true science?	....	....
17—Red hair is a sign of violent temper?	....	....
18—A ring around the moon is a sure sign of rain?	....	....
19—A high forehead indicates superior intelligence?	....	....
20—Brains and beauty are rarely found in one person?	....	....
21—A heavy, square jaw is an indication of unusual will power?	....	....
22—Astrologers can read a person's character and future in the stars?	....	....
23—A person who does not look at you in the eye is likely to be dishonest?	....	....
24—A disease is produced as a direct punishment for some particular wrong doing?	....	....
25—If the sun shines while it is raining, it is a sign that it will rain again tomorrow?	....	....
26—If smoke does not rise into the air, but settles on the ground it is a sure sign of coming rain?	....	....
27—If March "comes in like a lamb" it "goes out like a lion" and if it "comes in like a lion" it "goes out like a lamb"?	....	....

How many of the questions are correctly answered by "Yes" and how many by "No" is revealed in the accompanying article. But fill out the answers before you read the article.

IT IS well known to college professors and all intelligent school teachers that the human mind is cluttered up with considerable quantities of misinformation, false notions and superstitions. It had been supposed that education and the general increase of intelligence which comes from a high school or college course ought to clear up a large part of these myths in the minds of educated people. But recent investigations have revealed that people of education, who ought to know better, still cling to popular notions which are wrong and still believe in many superstitions which a trained mind ought to know are absurd.

Professors Otis W. Caldwell and Gerhard E. Lundeen, of the Institute of School Experimentation, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, recently made some interesting experiments to find out how dumb students are in believing things which they ought to know better than to believe, and what can be done to correct false beliefs and senseless superstitions.

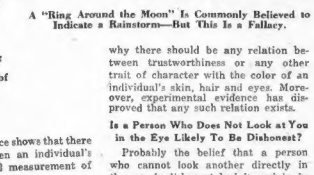
It was discovered that general education and general scientific instruction did not serve to correct beliefs in popular fallacies. It was found that it was necessary to definitely take up one false notion or superstition after another and explain why they were wrong before they could be rooted out of the minds of the students. Questionnaires covering questions printed elsewhere on this page were first submitted, and in many cases three-quarters or more of the students were wrong in their answers. Then each topic was taken up and explained and the reason for the false notions pointed out. After this course of special instruction the questions were again put to the students and marked improvement in the correctness of answers was shown.

In the report recently issued, "An Experimental Study of Superstitions and Other Unfounded Beliefs," the questions are carefully explained and some of the questions and explanations are as follows:

The Popular Notion That Long, Slender Hands Indicate an Artistic Temperament Is a Delusion, as Explained Elsewhere on This Page.

Photograph of Experiments Made by Professor Marston, of Columbia University, in Testing the Difference Between a Blonde, a Brunette and a Red Head.

Medieval Drawing Showing the Astrologer's Idea of Which Planets Control Various Parts of the Body.



A "Ring Around the Moon" Is Commonly Believed to Indicate a Rainstorm—But This Is a Fallacy.

Is Fish a Brain Food?

The idea that fish is especially a food for the brain is a common fallacy. The opinion is that fish contains much phosphorus and is, therefore, a good brain food, since the brain is rich in this element. The amount of phosphorus in the tissues of the brain is relatively high, but the notion that fish as a food contains a large amount of phosphorus is not true. Moreover, there is no evidence that an increase in the amount of phosphorus in the diet promotes brain development or increases a person's mental capacity. Both mental and physical work require energy. This energy is largely supplied by energy-producing foods such as starches and carbohydrates.

Do Long, Slender Hands Indicate an Artistic Nature?

This belief may have its origin in the idea that a person with long, slender fingers and hands would be more adaptable for playing musical instruments or in using the delicate tools of an artist. This idea, however, that long, slender hands indicate an artistic nature is erroneous. A person may inherit the structure of his hands and fingers from one line of his ancestry, and artistic or lack of artistic ability from another line of ancestry. If these two characteristics, artistic ability and long, slender hands, accompany each other in inheritance, it is by chance only, and not because one is a sign of the other. Many great musicians and many individuals with other kinds of superior artistic talent do not possess long and slender hands.

Is Red Hair a Sign of Violent Temper?

Just how red hair came to be associated with violent temper is not known. Possibly some humorist made the suggestion because red color is associated with fire. Possibly the ancients thought of the planet Mars as the god of war because of its reddish appearance. A few historic characters, Queen Elizabeth, for example, possessed red hair and a violent temper. This may have some connection with the origin of this idea.

There are no valid reasons for associating red hair and violent temper. The association of red hair with violent temper is the result of faulty and careless observation. Individuals having red hair are relatively few in comparison with those who have brown or black hair. If two striking characteristics, such as red hair and a violent temper, are observed in a person, one might assume an association between the two traits. The unusual occurrence impresses people and is remembered. The usual event is soon forgotten. Generalizations based upon a small number of cases are often false. Individuals often fail to consider the cases which do not support a belief. If a group of unselected individuals who have red hair are compared by friends who know them, with individuals having some other color of hair, the results will indicate that individuals having red hair are no more likely to have quick or violent tempers than other people.

Is a Square Jaw a Sign of Strong Will Power?

The shape of an individual's jawbone has nothing to do with any trait of character that he may possess. It is false to believe that a large jaw bone indicates a strong will. The anatomical structure or bodily features of a certain part of the face or head does not reveal any trait of character or personality. There may be some individuals who have a square jaw and who also have a strong and determined will, but this is merely a coincidence or a matter of chance. Undoubtedly, there are an equal number of individuals who have a determined will, but do not have outstanding lower jaw bones. It is possible to develop a strong will while the characteristics of a person's jaw are determined largely by heredity.

Experimental evidence shows that there is no relation between an individual's will and the physical measurement of his jaw.

Are Brunettes More Trustworthy Than Blondes?

Claims have been made that brunettes and blondes have opposite characteristics or traits of character. Two psychologists (Paterson and Lodgate) have made an investigation which indicates that blondes and brunettes do not differ in traits of character. A number of careful experiments conducted by students of psychology show that being trustworthy does not depend upon a person's complexion. Individuals differ in traits of character regardless of their complexion. The difference in traits between any two blondes or brunettes themselves may be just as great as between a blonde and a brunette. An individual may develop the general trait of trustworthiness by forming the habit of being trustworthy in many different situations, while brunetteness or blondeness is determined by heredity.

There is no reasonable explanation why there should be any relation between trustworthiness or any other trait of character with the color of an individual's skin, hair and eyes. Moreover, experimental evidence has disproved that any such relation exists.

Is a Person Who Does Not Look at You in the Eye Likely To Be Dishonest?

Probably the belief that a person who cannot look another directly in the eye is dishonest had its origin in the common notion that an honest person can "look the world in the face" because of a clear conscience, while a dishonest person, because of his guilt, cannot. Among the individuals unaccustomed to bad conduct and to acts of immorality this may often be true, but with individuals accustomed to crime it is not a good sign. Hardened criminals can "look the world in the face" in spite of their guilt, and many honest individuals may be unable to do so because of a nervous disposition or temperament. An individual's honesty cannot safely be determined by the simple test of ability or lack of ability to "look another person in the eye."

Are Winters Less Severe Than They Were 30 or 40 Years Ago?

There may be considerable variation in the seasons from year to year or even over scores of years, but there is no long-continued tendency that has been proved toward milder or more severe seasons. At a number of places in the eastern United States weather records are available for a hundred years or more. These indicate no general tendency toward a decrease in the severity of winters.

The general impression that our winters are milder today than they were years ago is based upon our recollections of the past. It is true that a number of recent years have been mild, but in the old days there were some mild winters also. They merely have not been emphasized and talked about as much as those that were unusually severe. To answer the question whether the climate is changing or not, we must base our conclusion upon observed and recorded facts. Records of the weather in the past, over a reasonably long period of time, show that there has been no persistent and fundamental climatic change.

Is Astrology a True Science?

Astrology deals with the influence of heavenly bodies upon human affairs and in foretelling events by the position of certain stars in the heavens. It is a false science, full of superstitions and unfounded beliefs about the planets, the stars and their influence upon human life. Astrology is not included in the courses of study of standard institutions of learning. Scientists do not believe in superstitions and magic signs but demand a scientific explanation regarding all phenomena. Early astrology, which dates to ancient Babylon, did reveal some facts about heavenly bodies. These facts developed into the true science of astronomy, which is organized scientific knowledge concerning the heavenly bodies. Thus astronomy had its early beginnings in astrology.

Astrologers nowadays busy themselves in practising fortune-telling by a system of rules which they claim are based upon a study of the stars. A few ignorant and superstitious people still believe in astrology and seek advice from astrologers on questions concerning love, marriage, business relations and other affairs. Astrologers are sometimes very clever and talented persons, and some of the advice which they give may have value. Any intelligent and experienced person may give sensible advice in many things. The advice which is based upon what astrologers say about the stars has no scientific support.

Beauty and Brains?

Desirable traits usually show some positive relationship, that is, desirable traits which very likely include physical beauty, have a tendency to be associated with each other in inheritance. This does not always apply to individual cases, but it does apply to a large and representative group of individuals. The statement that "brains and beauty rarely go together" is false. In fact, the best scientific indications are that good intelligence and personal attractiveness have a tendency to go together.

Does a Change in the Moon Cause a Definite Change in the Weather?

Some people believe that the moon actually does change its shape and size and do not understand this apparent phenomenon. When people speak of a change in the moon, they refer to the different phases of the moon through which it passes as it revolves around the earth.

There are a great number of superstitious beliefs associated with heavenly bodies, and many of these erroneous ideas deal with the moon. One of the most prevalent and influential of these beliefs today is that a change in the moon is accompanied by a definite change in the weather. During a drought one may often hear someone assert with confidence that it will rain on a certain day when there is a change in the moon. A change in the moon is also given credit for breaking up a prolonged rainy spell, and for bringing clear weather.

Perhaps the weather proverb, that the moon causes a change in the weather, originated because the moon and the weather change frequently and often change together.

The same changes in the moon occur at the same time in all parts of the earth. For instance, when we have full moon in America, they also have full moon in Europe or in any other part of the earth. If the ancient weather proverb is true, we should have the same weather changes taking place all over the earth at about the same time. This, however, does not actually happen. There is no relation between the frequency and the intensity of weather changes and the different phases of the moon.

To the twenty-seven questions printed at the top of this page, the correct answer is "No," except to Question No. 3—"Do you believe that the forces of nature always obey nature's laws?" To this question the correct answer is "Yes." Nature, without exception, obeys natural laws. If the Hopi Indians, after a long continued dry spell in Arizona, hold a ceremonial dance and chant their prayer to their god, "Oh, great Omprespree, send us rain," and rain follows—it is not an answer to the dance and prayer but because natural forces have produced rain which would have come anyway.

The question whether natural forces obey the laws of nature is discussed in these words:

The universe is rational and law-abiding. Nature is orderly, and there are no exceptions to the operation of natural law. Interference with natural law because individuals wish it does not occur. Such would be undesirable and contrary to nature's methods. The fact that the universe is law-abiding makes it reasonable and dependable. It is desirable that we appreciate the significance of the orderliness of nature and our duty to adjust ourselves to her ways. We must know nature's orderly procedures, and understand her ways that we may harness her forces for our own use and comfort. The facts stated above do not in any way reduce the desirability of understanding and placing ourselves in accord with eternal natural laws.

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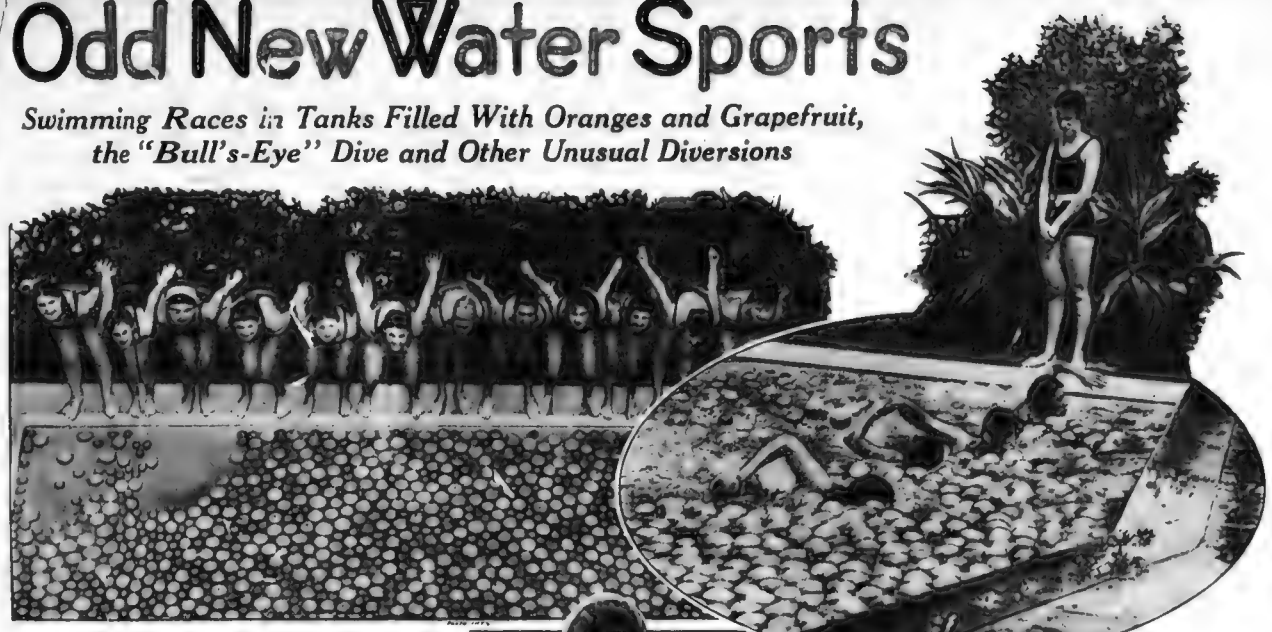
Odd New Water Sports

Swimming Races in Tanks Filled With Oranges and Grapefruit, the "Bull's-Eye" Dive and Other Unusual Diversions



The Start of a Florida Grapefruit-Orange Race—and Many a Sore Nose and Black Eye Are the Results of It.

The Finish of a Grapefruit-Orange Race in a Miami, Florida, Pool—And the Swimmers Say It Is No Joke To Be Hit In the Eye or Nose With One of the Fruits.

ANYBODY who has been hit in the eye with an orange or on the nose with a grapefruit knows it's not a pleasant experience. But the risk of being hit not by one but hundreds of these excellent fruits is being cheerfully run by swimmers in the warm pools of Florida. Any number of persons seem to feel that swimming by itself is a monotonous sport and are continually seeking for something to "give a kick" to it. The "orange-and-grapefruit obstacle race" is the newest device to arouse the interest of the jaded swimmers.

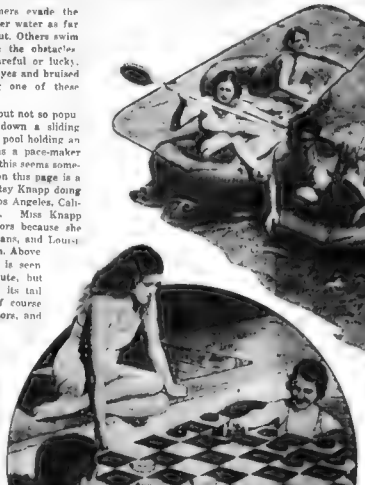
The top of the pool is covered over like a carpet with the oranges and grapefruit. The contestants then are lined up and dive down through them. A diver hits the water with considerable force, and skill and luck are both needed if one is to avoid a devastating whack in the eye or on the nose from the floating, golden spheres. Also a speedy swimmer striking a comparatively motionless object even if no bigger than an orange knows without doubt that something has hit him.

Some of the swimmers evade the fruit by swimming under water as far as their breath holds out. Others swim high, with head above the obstacles. But no matter how careful or lucky, there are many black eyes and bruised noses acquired during one of these fruit handicaps.

Another interesting but not so popular stunt is to slide down a sliding board into an alligator pool holding an alligator by the tail as a pace-maker during the descent. If this seems somewhat incredible, here on this page is a photograph of Miss Patsy Knapp doing that very thing at a Los Angeles, California, alligator farm. Miss Knapp isn't afraid of alligators because she was born in New Orleans, and Louisiana has plenty of them. Above her another alligator is seen coming down the chute, but who is holding on to his tail does not appear. Of course they are small alligators, and alligators are notoriously slow to show emotion, but some day one of them will get good and mad, and that will put an end to this sport.

Quite as dangerous, if not more so, is the new game of "dive through the target." It takes an expert to do this, but that doesn't stop a lot of thrill-seekers who are not so expert from trying. It is easy to see how an inexpert or even unfortunate diver could get himself more or less parted in the middle if he failed to make a perfect "bull's-eye" in his leap from the spring-board and landed amidships in the circle of the target. However, Johnny Riley, the man seen headed for it in the photograph, is the holder of the national ten-foot diving championship and can go through the bull's-eye every time. The target is strung on a line so that it can be brought closer to the springboard for beginners. They give handicaps in feet and inches, as they do strokes in golf games.

Sea-horses and other animals of inflated rubber are seen in increasing numbers at all the beaches nowadays.



A Game of Water Checkers On a Floating Board at Fashionable Palm Springs, Cal.

Parlor games such as chess, checkers, backgammon and ping-pong can be played in the water just as well as they can at home, if the players get the right kind of waterproof equipment. Usually it is practical to play them only in the still-water pools that are to be found at most bathing beaches, but they keep a player interested while he is in the water enjoying his salt bath and sun bath, and add much to the pleasures of the beach.

The chess and checker sets are huge floating boards, and the pieces used in the game are big rubber affairs the size of a saucer, quite heavy and made with a cup-like surface in order that there will be suction to keep them on the board. The players recline in rubber chairs of inflated rubber, which are attached to the checker board in order to help keep it afloat and also to keep players, chairs, checker-board and checker men from floating away from each other.

The game of water checkers is more popular than water chess for the reason that chess is a game that it sometimes takes hours to play, and some players are likely to get too much water or too much sun in the process.

Water ping-pong can be played only in the shallow water of a pool, a little less than shoulder deep, for the players must have their feet on the bottom and their arms free in order to move around freely and swat the ball. The game is featured at Palm Springs, the Winter colony in the desert east of Los Angeles. Checker tournaments are also held in the water at Palm Springs.

Another California water sport is bubble racing. The inflated canvas "bubble," manned by a crew of two, is propelled through the water by means of a double-ended paddle. There is a trick in it however, for the contestants soon find that their "bubbles" would much rather spin around in a circle than go forward, and this adds confusion and merriment to the race.

At Long Beach, California, was originated the pastime of balloon-diving into seaside pools. Daring mermaids jump from the highest diving platforms, feet first. In their hands they carry bunches of toy balloons. These are supposed to slow up the descent to the water and prolong the thrill. But the diver must be careful to let go of the balloons just before striking the water. If she does not, the impact shatters the fragile globes with a loud pop, and when she returns to the surface all she holds are the stringy bits of water-soaked rubber.

Some of the balloon divers purposely explode their rubber ball on hitting the water, but this is rather expensive, since the average diver has to carry ten or more, and it really entertains the spectators more than the divers.

Another use of toy balloons on the beach revives the ancient sport of archery. In this the lady Robin Hoods, unhampered by any attire except their bathing suits, set free the balloons into the salty breeze and then try to bring them down with bows and arrows before they are wafted out of range.

An Expert Diver On His Way Through the Air to Score a Perfect Bull's-Eye in the Novel Sport of Target Diving.

A Water Polo Match at Venice, Cal., With the Contestants Using "Bubble Boats," Which Look Like Big Automobile Tires.

"Shoot-the-Chutes" Into An Alligator Pool At the End of An Alligator's Tail.

This is exciting work as the archers are kept busy dodging falling arrows as well as getting out of the way of enthusiastic sister-shooters.

Hollywood movie actresses introduced the game of beach polo with toy ponies and hobby horses at the California beaches. Armed with regulation polo mallets, the young women mount the hobby horses and crack the polo ball up and down the sands. The toy horses are mounted on sleds which can be slid along the beach by the legs of the fair riders. It's great fun and not nearly so dangerous as the hard-riding, head-bang-bang game of real polo, or, for that matter, as the exciting game of water polo played from speed boats or sailboats.

The latter sport is popular at beaches where there are adjoining bays or sounds where the water is not quite so rough as it is in the ocean. The sea-sleds are equipped with outboard motors and a man stands on each sled with a polo mallet in his hand. The game is a little too rough for most women players. There are many contests between opposing teams of sudden spills into the water as the players are all expert swimmers or they wouldn't try the sport and they all manage to get back to their sleds somehow.

Another stunt for daring sea-sledders that has been seen in Florida waters and elsewhere is for the aquaplane to be pulled down an inclined runway over the water, tobogganing at forty miles an hour, so that when it leaves the chute it soars high in the air behind the speed-boat that is towing it and hits the water with a smash, going at a tremendous clip. But this, too, is a type of water sport that only skilled athletes can go in for. It is far more risky than swimming amid grapefruit and oranges.

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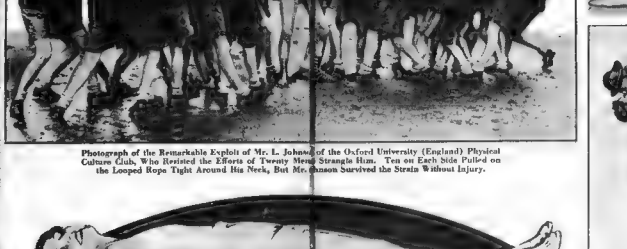
Extraordinary Endurance of the Human Body

How Man Outmatches the Animals in Wide Adaptability to Sudden Changes, and His Resourcefulness in Meeting Emergencies and Surviving Stress and Strain Which Would Be Fatal to Other Creatures

Moro, "the Human Icicle," Who Rests for Hours at a Time, Stripped Almost Naked, Completely Encased in an Ice Coffin—But Never Catches Cold and Has Never Had Pneumonia.

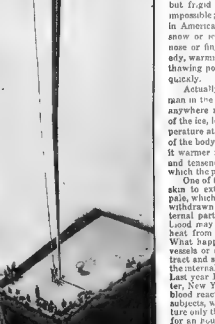
Remarkable Example of How the Bony Spinal Column May Be Bent at Almost a Right Angle, While the Intestinal Organs Are Tremendously Compressed Some of the Nerves, Muscles and Blood Vessels Are Stretched Like Rubber Bands



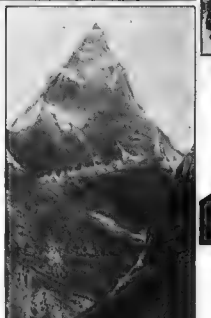
Photograph of the Remarkable Exploit of Mr. L. Johnson of the Oxford University (England) Physical Culture Club, Who Resisted the Efforts of Twenty Men to Strangle Him. Ten on Each Side Pulled on the Looped Rope Tight Around His Neck, But Mr. Johnson Survived the Strain Without Injury.

Miss Dolly Davis, Reclined at Full Length on a Mattress of Sharp Spikes. Most People Jump If They Sit Down on a Pin, But This Young Woman Has Accustomed Herself to Endure the Needle Pointed Dozens of Nails.

Mr. Lewis Possesses a Jaw Which Can Stand the Strain of Six Young Women as They Stand a Rod of Steel Held in His Mouth



Photograph of the Famous "Shipwreck" Kelly, Who Eats, Sleeps and Amuses Himself for a Month or More at a Time Without Stirring From the Top of a Flagpole. In This Picture Mrs. Kelly, Pendent a Sense of Wifely Duty, Is Hoisted Up the Pole to Give Her Husband His Morning Kiss.



Mount Everest, Highest of Mountains, Which No Explorer Has Been Able to Scale. This Test of Human Endurance Has Been Attempted Many Times Without Success, But Will Surely Be Accomplished Some Day.

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ONE of the photographs on that page shows a man who allows himself regularly to be frozen inside a coffin made of ice. Another is of a young Englishman who lets thirty or forty men draw a rope tightly around his neck, as though he were being hanged. Still another shows an "iron-jawed" individual who can support the weight of a half-dozen by no means airy young ladies on a bar held between his teeth.

Other remarkable records tell of sailors keeping awake for days to guide their ships in storms, to say nothing of Long Island ladies playing bridge for thirty-six hours on end merely to establish a record. Climbers have ascended mountains so tall and with so little oxygen in the air that no animals except a few hardy insects venture so high. Men live in deserts so hot that only some tiny creatures of hot springs or small lizards of the sands are able to share the temperature. A human youngster has lived for months in the "iron lung", or artificial respirator, used to keep up breathing when the usual muscles have failed.

All of which establishes one item of man's superiority over all creation; a superiority in universal endurance. There may be creatures which can stand more cold than man, or more heat. There may be animals which can run faster or jump higher or display more strength. There certainly are individual kinds of animals which endure thirst better than man does, or hunger. But man can endure all these things. That is what no other single animal can manage. Camels can go without water but cannot endure cold. A greyhound can run faster than a man but cannot keep going so long or endure so many kinds of climate. Man's great biological merit is that his endurance covers everything. Human beings can put up with almost anything and still survive.

A year or more ago a distinguished British physician and biologist, Dr. Adolphe Abrahams, of the Westminster Hospital, in London, collected many records of speed, endurance and so on for white men and women are noted. The fastest animal speed known, he concluded, is that of a running greyhound or of a hunting leopard or cheetah. Both animals are credited with being able to cover short distances at speeds as great as 60 miles an hour, about the speed of an ordinary fast train on a railway. The fastest race horse runs only at the rate of about 40 miles an hour, two-thirds of the speed of a cheetah or a greyhound. The fastest human speed is not much more than a half of this, being a little less than 24 miles an hour.

Man makes up for this lack of extreme speed, however, by great endurance. The records collected by Dr. Abrahams show that human beings have covered nearly twelve miles in an hour, 100 miles in a little more than 11½ hours, 621 miles in six days and 3,422 miles in 573 hours, the last record being the one accumulated during the famous cross-country Derby of 1928 in which human runners ran all the way from the Pacific Coast to New York City. Certainly no fast-running animal, such as the cheetah or greyhound, could keep going for such long times or long distances as these. Dr. Abrahams believes that such endurance would be impossible even for horses and certainly this conclusion is true for the extremely speedy but easily exhausted race horses. It is possible, however, that the slower but wirier and more enduring horses of the western states, such as the mounts of the Indians or the cowboys, may have as great staying power as men.

There exist at any rate, two records of occasions in which the small, sinewy mustangs of the plains bested trained Indian runners. At Pecos, Texas, in June, 1929, the famous Indian runner, Andrew Chimoni, gave up at the twentieth mile of a race against a horse, the animal being at that time fifteen miles ahead of him. In the Fall of that same year at the New Mexico town of Roswell another horse-and-Indian race was staged. The Indian runner lasted forty-three miles and collapsed, the horse being still five miles in the lead, but gradually going more slowly. Perhaps one of the old time Indian runners, especially trained for endurance running and presumably more practiced and in better condition than the braves of today, might have overtaken the horse and won the victory.

In ability at high jumping, Dr. Abrahams reports man's record to be a little more than 6 feet and 8 inches, while the record high jump for a horse is only a little greater, being 8 feet 2 inches. Man's broad jump record is 26 feet, with that of a horse not certainly known, but probably not much greater. All jumping records for large animals, such as men and horses, undoubtedly are eclipsed, however, by the enormous jumps made by some of the insects, such as fleas, many of which can jump hundreds of times the lengths of their own bodies.

The strength record of all creation probably is held by the small insect called the earwig. This insect has proved able to pull 880 times its own weight, which would mean that a powerful human athlete could move something like fifty tons. The actual weight-lifting record for human beings seems to be 415 pounds with one hand, as lifted in 1927 by William Attyeo-Inch, of London, England.

Notable among endurance records for human beings are 120 hours of continuous piano playing and the same time of continuous swinging of Indian clubs, but probably all these are religious or energy output in proportion to body size by the records of a set of wild rats from the Arizona desert tested by Dr. H. S. Colton, of the University of Pennsylvania. One of these rats in its revolving cage a distance of nearly eight miles a day. If a man could keep up a similar average in proportion to his size, he could run around the earth in nine or ten months.

In holding the breath, man again is exceeded by a few other animals, probably most by the whale. Although whales are air breathers and must come to the surface of the ocean at intervals to fill their lungs with fresh air, it is recorded that a whale may remain submerged for at least an hour and a half and probably longer. Man, on the other hand, cannot hold his breath for more than about six minutes. Very few persons, indeed, can hold it so long.

Whales probably possess, too, the record ability to withstand outer pressure, for it is known that whales occasionally "sound," or dive deeply into the sea for depths of at least a mile, where the outer pressure is nearly a ton and a half to the square inch. How the whales survive such enormous squeezing is unknown. Miles below this, on the bottoms of the deepest spots of the seas, other living creatures exist, but these deep-sea animals are no air breathers and never come to the surface. Since the water permeates them through and through, they are not exposed to any outside pressure, as the deep-diving whales must be.

Record endurance of thirst undoubtedly rests with the considerable group of desert animals, including the horned toads, some kinds of rats and many insects, which apparently never drink water at all, subsisting so far as liquids are concerned entirely on juices as exist in the plants or other articles of their food.

The heat record belongs to the few kinds of fish, small shellfish and especially some of the one-celled creatures or protozoa of hot springs, some of which can live in apparent comfort at temperatures close to that of boiling water. Yet man is not far behind them in ability to withstand heat, and man withstands cold equally well, which not one of the hot-spring creatures can do.

As usual, however, the extreme record for withstanding cold probably does not belong to man but to the kinds of the small creatures called rotifers, or wheel-animalcules, which live in the water of ponds on the ice cover of the Antarctic continent. It must be, experts believe, that these rotifers freeze up solid when these ponds freeze in the Winter and remain frozen for months until the ponds melt again during the warm months of the brief Summer, apparently being quite undamaged by spending more than two-thirds of the year in a frozen condition. Yet, except for these rotifers and perhaps a few still tinier creatures of the class of bacteria, man seems to be the only living creature which has invaded the centre of the Antarctic, for the several human explorers of that region report no sign of plant or animal life except near the continent's shores.

More spectacular than the endurance feats of Antarctic and Arctic explorers, although no more noteworthy as an example of cold resistance was the real nature of the feat is understood, is the exploit of the man who lets himself be sealed up three or four days in a hollow ice coffin, as part of a theatrical performance. First a cavity is hollowed out in a large cake of ice. The performer then lies in this hollow while a thick slab of ice is placed on top and frozen fast, sealing the actor inside the hollowed block, but with some air included, so that he will not suffocate. The chief danger is cold, and there can be no doubt that the really experienced, for thousands of people have seen this lover of cold lying in this icy casket with no covering on his body except an ordinary thin bathing suit.

There are many hardy individuals, it is true, who go bathing each Winter in rough holes in the ice, who take baths all year round in icy water, who romp in bathing suits in the snow, and so on. Not long ago two experienced physical directors, co-operating with the National Safety Council and the Red Cross, purposely broke through the thin ice of a skating pond near New York City and remained for some time in the freezing water, as part of an experiment to determine what are the best ways to rescue people to whom such skating accidents have happened in reality. In spite of somewhat long immersion, these two experimenters felt no discomfort or bad effect.

In 1927 in the Himalaya Mountains in India occurred one of the most remarkable experiences ever recorded of human endurance of cold, as well as of human heroism. An army officer, Major Munchton, had fallen and been injured while climbing. A native soldier who was with him managed to make his way back to a distant inhabited camp, when he met another officer, Lieutenant Bainsmith, who was out walking, but without nailed boots for ice climbing, an ice pick or any other mountaineering equipment. Nevertheless, Lieutenant Bainsmith immediately went to the rescue of the injured officer. To avoid slipping he was compelled to discard his shoes and to dig holes in the frozen snow in his stocking feet. Finding the injured man, he gave up his coat, leaving himself with nothing except a cotton shirt and cotton drawers in the bitter cold of the mountains. So he rested, shoeless and almost unclothed, until further help arrived at 4 o'clock in the morning, nearly twelve hours later. His feet were frostbitten, but he survived.

Yet such a feat of mountaineering and other feats, such as swimming in icy water or running around in bathing suits in the snow, are carried out with the body in rapid movement. The blood is kept in circulation. Much heat is produced all the time in the body by the active muscular movements. Everyone knows that this keeps one warm, more or less regardless of surrounding cold or of the amount of clothing which one happens to be wearing. Nature has a process, indeed, for producing heat when necessary at just this way. This is shivering, for the rapid movement of muscles which happens when one assumes at Nature's way of creating heat in a hurry and warming up the shiverer's frame.

None of these instances applies, however, to the feat of the actor in the cake of ice, for muscular movement would be impossible in such a narrow coffin, even were it attempted. Violent exercise, in fact, would use up immediately the none too great supply of air inside the hollow ice block, so that the victim would suffocate if he did not freeze. As a matter of fact, Mr. Moro, who does this feat, states that he lies as quiet as he possibly can, merely turning his head once in a while from side to side, so that people outside the ice can see that he still is alive.

This complete immobility and the tenseness of muscles which the performer also says is one of his secrets, scientists regard as a large part of the explanation of the performance. It is true, of course, that death would not be caused in an hour or two, even if the body did become chilled. Not even at the temperature of freezing water does the body freeze. The liquids inside the body's living cells are not pure water, but contain salts of various kinds as well as other substances of the class called colloids, like white of egg. These affect the freezing point of the body juices, so that they will not freeze until well below the temperature of freezing water or of ice.

During the war a British physiologist, Dr. Norman Lake, made laboratory investigations of just what causes frostbite, this being an accident that happened to many of the soldiers on colder parts of the war fronts. In order to freeze any part of the human body, he found, it is necessary that this part be cooled down to about 21 degrees, Fahrenheit, which is more than ten degrees below the temperature of freezing. Inside the performer's ice cake the temperature will be that of freezing, but never lower. Accordingly, there is not the slightest danger that any part of the ice-clad actor's body actually will freeze, no matter how long he occupies his crystalline but frigid casket. Even frostbite is impossible; something that old-timers in America used to know well, since snow or ice rubbed on a frostbitten nose or finger was the old-time remedy, warming the frozen part up to its thawing point without warming it too quickly.

Actually, however, the body of the man in the ice cake is probably never anywhere near the temperature even of the ice, let alone the still lower temperature at which the skin or any part of the body would freeze. What keeps it warmer is precisely the immobility and tenseness of the surface muscles which the performer himself mentions.

One of the natural reactions of the skin to extreme cold is that it gets pale, which means that blood has been withdrawn from the skin into the internal parts of the body, so that the blood may be kept warm and loss of heat from the skin may be stopped. What happens is that the tiny blood vessels or capillaries in the skin contract and squeeze out their blood into the internal vessels, which are warmer. Years ago Dr. E. W. Scripture, of Berlin, New York, studied these skin and blood reactions on twenty-one human subjects, who were kept at a temperature only three degrees above freezing for an hour and a quarter. In all instances the loss of blood from the skin was observed, followed by shivering and similar symptoms.

The ice-cake performer no doubt hastens this process of blood movement to the inside of his body by mental effort, which is known to be entirely possible. By tensing his muscles he prevents the return of the blood and also prevents the shivering which would be normal under the circumstances. The result is that the inside of his body, where the really vital organs are, is filled with warm blood and keeps warm enough during the ordeal. The outside, including the skin, may get cold and be uncomfortable, but it will not freeze at the temperature of ice, and the discomfort can be endured.

In one sense, the outer layer of almost bloodless skin acts like a thick overcoat over the body, like the heavy furs and other clothing worn by Arctic explorers. In spite of some deaths, like the unfortunate tragedy of the Scott party after their visit to the South Pole, it is well known that men can live for years in Arctic weather with the help of not a great deal of outer clothing.

Nor is extreme cold the chief difficulty experienced by climbers on high mountains, like the party which tried two years ago to climb the still unscaled Mount Everest, highest mountain in the world and which is to be attempted this Summer by another expedition. Here another element of endurance is called for; endurance of lack of oxygen. Mount Everest is so high that the air is thinner than that encountered even by aviators except in the very highest of flights. As the aviator must use tanks of oxygen to breathe at these heights, so the climber must do something of the sort, with the added disadvantage that these tanks must be carried by man power.

In recent proposals for the coming Mount Everest expedition, Sir Leonard Hill, the distinguished British physician and expert on respiration, recommended that oxygen tanks be taken up from the bottom of the mountain by relays of porters who themselves did not use any of the gas and that finally a selected small party of climbers, who as far had carried nothing and were not exhausted, should take these life-giving tanks and finish the climb to the top.

One other form of the ice block feat is endurance of absence of air while locked up in the icy coffin, but this offers no obstacle from the scientific viewpoint. Indian fakirs frequently allow themselves to be sealed up in coffins or even buried under the ground for periods of hours. The secret is that there is enough air inside the coffin, or the ice block, to last for many hours, provided the occupant does not move much or do anything to exhaust the air. The oxygen consumed by a human body increases enormously when the body is exercised. If there is absolutely no exercise, which the performers of such feats take care shall be the case, the use of oxygen is very low.

The man who lets himself be barged with thirty or forty men pulling on a rope around his neck, also has on his side the fact that stoppage of the breath for a few seconds does no harm at all, although it may be uncomfortable. This individual, an eighteen-year-old athlete named Len Johnson, thus describes how he felt the first time that he established this record in public:

After he had looped the rope around his neck and the men had pulled it tight "the referee," he says, "dressed out ten long seconds, which seemed like minutes to me. The rope tightened and I had to put every ounce of nerve and strength and energy I possessed into it. My breath seemed stopped and all that I could think of was my neck. The driving of the referee's stopped at last and the order came to slacken, but here arose a setback. About six men rushed ready to undo the rope and, of course, bungled it. It took them about 30 seconds to undo the rope, which had pulled so tight that it would not give for a while. Meanwhile I was in a very dazed state and, although I tried to keep it said, nearly lost myself. When the tie at last came undone the blood rushed to my head and I had to fight against it to keep my balance."

It appears, therefore, that the rope was tight around Mr. Johnson's neck for about forty seconds, perhaps for as long as a minute. No physiologist will regard this as anything remarkable, even if the rope actually did cut off the performer's breathing altogether. Almost anyone can hold his breath for a minute, many people for two or three minutes. Pearl divers and similar trained individuals can hold their breath even longer. The shortest time in which complete stoppage of breathing does any permanent harm to the body is believed to be about seven minutes, about ten times as long as Mr. Johnson's breath may have been cut off by the rope. Persons submerged under water or otherwise suffocated have been revived after as long as forty minutes, although records as long as this are

Continued on Page 19

Blind-Man's-Buff

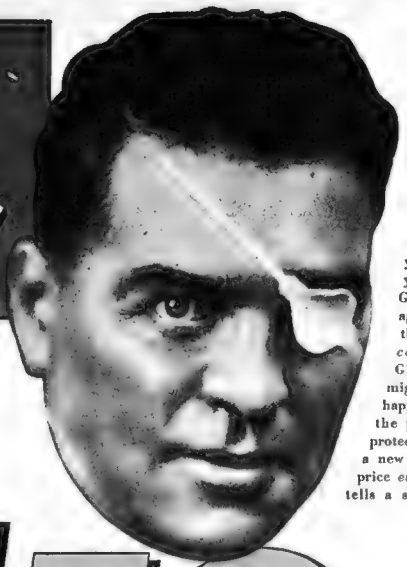
By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

NOAH CONROY owns an island where he and his family live. Simmons Pierpoint, who has built up the business of the island, is found dead on the steps of the tomb, a bruise at the base of his skull and his throat cut. Dying in early manhood from a gash across his throat of the trade which his character still bears, Simmons Pierpoint was

"Hello EVERYBODY"

"here's REAL news"



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Floyd Gibbons

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Our authorized replacement dealers will quote you prices on super Safety Glass specially fitted to the windshield or wh.. wa of your present car. Ask the L·O·F distributor, listed in the "Where To Buy It" section of your local telephone directory, for name of nearest dealer.

As a final precaution against discoloring or separating, *all* edges of L·O·F Safety Glass are sealed with a waterproof compound that prevents moisture from reaching the bond or the plastic. Always look for the sealed edge.

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BIG TIME

By Rae Chadwell

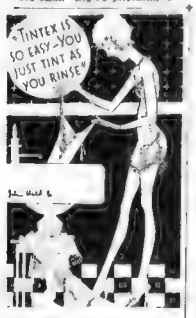
Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

ROGER TRENT has worked ten years for the Starr Trust Company since the bank, which is the pride of Mark Starr, wealthy banker and benefactor of Mt. Lewis. Beautiful Ann Trent, Roger's wife, is very ambitious for her husband and the future of their baby. Ann feels that Roger, with time and effort, may become a V. P. eventually, occupy a high office in his extremely winning personality.

A change comes when Mark dies and his nephew, David W. Starr, comes into control of the bank. Old employes are discharged but Ann insists Roger wear his best suit and smile. Roger's personality attracts D. W. who pretends him to assistant cashier. In finds bank ers' manners and cussing for power to [illegible] Roger's rise. Ann hates Roger may be useful to him in watching his cousin, Jerome Starr, who has a quarter interest in the Starr Trust.

Roger's first confidential job is to persuade Tiffany Darrel, D. W.'s blonde, when it is necessary that the banker attend one of his many social functions. Tiffany is beauty and intelligence rolled up in great proportions in Roger.

As time goes on Ann feels that Roger is not progressing rapidly enough with D. W. so [illegible] some of meeting the Starrs socially. At a football game she sees D. W. with Tiffany. Here she decides is her chance to meet Mrs. Starr.



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CHAPTER VI
(Continued).
The Seeds Grow.

FOOTBALL, as far as Ann was concerned, was completely forgotten.

"We must run into them, Roger," she said feverishly.

When he understood what she meant, Roger cursed himself for a fool for allowing her to discover Starr and Tiffany.

"Run into them? What are you talking about?"

"It is our chance, Roger, don't you see?" she said excitedly. "Our chance to meet Mrs. Starr—"

Roger snapped his jaws shut, smothering a startled exclamation; he was unprepared for Ann's mistaking Tiffany Darrel for Mrs. Starr—though there was no reason why she should not.

"Be yourself, Ann," he said harshly. "You're getting hipped on the Starrs. She wouldn't look at us."

Ann refused to believe that and determined to run into them going out of the stadium, and in spite of Roger's careful piloting, Ann timed her arrival at the corner where they were likely to pass perfectly. They came face to face with David Starr and his companion, Starr, a little behind, shielding the woman from the pressing crowd, did not see them, but she did. Ann came to an almost complete stop.

Ann beamed. She had never seen a woman quite so beautiful in broad daylight, nor one so exquisitely dressed. She had on a white wool suit, daring at that time of year, which fitted her as if she had been poured into it. The white fox fur drawn snugly around her throat and the close white turban from under which wisps of gold hair curled upward formed a frame for her face. Gorgeous lashes shaded eyes that looked straight out at Ann like two enormous purple pansies.

Ann looked toward Roger in nervous anxiety. He was staring fanatically intent but in undoubted eagerness at the woman. David Starr, fussing with the squirrel coat over his arm, had not seen them yet. Ann grew reckless. She nudged Roger discreetly.

"Good heaven!" He caught Ann's signaling eyes and swung round as though to flee from the spot, but his elbow, hooking a careening youth in the side, laid him flat on the ground. Roger, with an audible oath of thankfulness, dropped on his knee beside the boy, who was not hurt, but too drunk to raise himself.

Ann tugged frantically at his sleeve, trying to pull him up, crying, "Roger, Roger——" The Starrs were departing and with them her big chance. She almost sobbed, calling Roger's name in desperation. But Roger was behaving unexplainably. He was kneeling there exactly like a stupid drunk, himself, letting a silly college youth haul himself up by his shoulder, while the Starrs walked away.

Ann wanted to cry, to run after them, to do something to stay their steps. She turned a forlorn face toward their departing backs. The woman in white at that very instant, turned half around and regarded her with strange, sober eyes. Ann choked back a cry. To have Dave Starr's wife look straight into her eyes and have to let her pass on! She let go of Roger's arm. It was no use now. They were gone. Roger's unprecedented behavior had ruined the day for her.

They found their companions, who had had seats in another part of the stadium, and proceeded to the hotel. Ann pleaded a headache and went to her room. Roger urged the other couple to go to the dining room and followed her to find her crumpled in a heap on the bed crying her eyes out.

He listened in silence to the upbraiding words which she could no longer withhold. Only once did he answer. When Ann declared, "She's the most beautiful woman I ever saw," he said broodingly: "Yes."

He was in torment. He hadn't believed that the woman lived who could stir him by a mere look as Tiffany Darrel did. Since that evening in her apartment he had longed to see her once more to confirm his belief that it was a wild fancy, that her power had been transient, born of an unusual moment under unusual circumstances. Well he had seen her. And his theory had crumpled before her purple pansy eyes like flimsy ash.

He took Ann in his arms to comfort her, obsessed by a feeling that she was strangely alone tonight. He felt guilty, brutal. He thought for a minute of telling her the truth about the woman with Starr, thus putting an end to her misery. But some strange loyalty to Tiffany Darrel made him shrink from saying the things he must say if he tried to explain—and from hearing the things he would hear if Ann knew. A curious sense of unfaithfulness to Ann in that loyalty gnawed at him.

"Ann, dear little Ann," he whispered fiercely, protectively—and Tiffany Darrel's violet eyes answered back . . . She was gorgeous in white! And the way she had just stood and looked—at Ann. That was the mystery to him. She had looked at Ann. One brief glance in which the wealth of her rich nature had poured over him—and then she had looked unwinkingly, absorbedly at Ann.

"Honest, Ann," he said tremulously, tuned to the breaking point, "if you don't stop, I'll be sick. I never was so hurt over anything in my life. But you've got to realize, darling, if any move is made socially it has to come from the Starrs. We'd only defeat our own end by butting in."

"I am acting like a baby, Roger," she said, drying her tears. "But it seemed like Paradise being here in Chicago, too—and to have that happen." She choked back a sob at the remembrance and said, "I'm over it now, Roger. I really am, and sorry for my silliness. Let's join the kids and have a big night."

It was Roger who wanted to cry then. Ann was so blamed sweet. He folded her in his arms, swallowing a big lump in his throat. He was a dog!

But how can I help it if there are women in the world like Tiffany Darrel? he thought miserably. I don't want to be like that about her.

In the cold light of day on the way home—after a joyous night with Ann—he made up his mind that it was a piece of nonsense. His going-gaga over Dave Starr's girl! From then on, he resolved, he was a wooden dummy where Tiffany Darrel was concerned.

A Startling Change Transformed Tiffany. She Sprang Up, Her Body Tense With Something Akin to Imperial Pride.

CHAPTER VII.
Promotion.

THE day before New Year's David Starr's office resembled the salon of his Crystal Heights home at an open house. A steady stream of officials wove in and out the door while Starr, in the wing-backed chair, received, and Shelley, at his right, poured.

Two pages in uniform shuttled back and forth from the table to the private lavatory, washing glasses and opening bottles.

"Old D. W.'s having himself a time!" ran the thread of whispers throughout the banking room.

"Napoleon had nothing on him," one—more bold than the rest—said in an undertone to Lee Tyler. In the months since D. W. had taken over the bank it had become apparent that he was a disciple of the little Corsican, and one nudged the other as he noticed more and more frequently how he held to his pose in his daily stroll through the bank. No one till now, however, had voiced it in so many words.

"Boy, you ought to see that room!" snapped one of the pages with a knowing wink as he sped past after fresh towels. "A prohibition agent's paradise."

"He's got nerve!" exclaimed Tyler in awe.

"Nerve!" jeered the other. "No one's going to bother him. Wouldn't old Mark turn over in his grave if he could see?"

By one o'clock the stream had dried up, but hilarious merriment continued to emanate from the red and ebony room; a few of D. W.'s cronies in a hold over. They, too, had drifted out when Roger was summoned to his office.

A bright blaze crackled in the fireplace; the pages had cleared away all evidence of revelry and Shelly was now here about. D. W., hanging precariously to the dragon's head at the corner of the mantel, was lifting his glass in dubious salute to his old friend Napoleon.

"Poley, ol' boy, we know our stuff, donne wen?" he was saying in the slurred nasal twang of the drunken. "Zhsu bet we do. Aaah-ohhh—" he broke off, and lifted his head with a great effort to survey the intruder, —if it ain't lil Elmer! Hello, lil Elmer, come over and meet Poley. Poley, ol' boy, zis fine young goat—ha, thas a funny one—" He chuckled to himself over it. "We like lil Elmer, donze wen, Poley," he continued drunkenly and let go of the mantel, swaying crazily, recovering himself at an almost impossible angle. With laboriously calculated precision, he swung himself toward Roger, and hung a tenacious arm around his shoulders.

Roger braced him. "You sent for me, Mr. Starr."

"Zsure I zsent for you—howzse you zink you get in here if I didn't?"

"Something I can do for you?" Roger inquired at a loss as to what to do or say.

"Zsure, goin' to have a lil party. - Like lil parties?"

Roger said, "You bet," to humor him and tried to get him away from the fireplace. The heat was doing him no good. But Starr was loathe to leave Napoleon.

"Don't like to leave ol' Poley," he said. "Fine fellow, Poley is."

Roger finally persuaded him to the settee where Starr draped himself around him and began to sing lustily, urging Roger to join him. Between amusement and concern, Roger managed to stop that. Starr decided that "Rozher ol' boy," ought to have a drink.

"Rozher" didn't mind if he did, and helped himself to a cese he found in the lavatory. Starr ordered him to bring a bottle in.

In the course of the next hour Roger reminded himself at intervals that he had to sober Starr up and reflected upon his own state which was reaching a pitch of high glee at Starr's stock of questionable jokes.

"Maybe we'd better have something to eat," Roger suggested clutching at what remained of his sobriety.

"Zsure les have zsomething to eat," Starr agreed and began calling lustily for Shelley, who appeared as if by magic from some inner sanctum. Starr ordered him to go to the buffet around the corner and bring porterhouse steaks with mushrooms, head lettuce, roquefort dressing, shoestring potatoes and coffee.

Starr sobered under the influence of food with surprising rapidity. By the time the boy cleared the dishes away, he had control of himself.

"Don't often go under like that," he said apologetically, chafing his cheeks with the palms of his hands. "Sensible of you to order food—still feel pretty foggy."

Roger tried to stifle the sudden heaving propensity of his stomach. Food hadn't done so well by him. He tried to get away, but Starr had no idea of letting him go yet. Roger gave up and admitted: "It played hob with me," and made the lavatory just in time.

Dave Starr leaned back in his chair and laughed until tears watered his eyes. When Roger came out pale and miserable looking, he said, "That's a good one," and ordered Shelley to send his car around to the side door.

"Come on, Trent," he said, "never let it be said that a Starr didn't do as well by a fellow sufferer."

Shelley helped him and Roger out to the side entrance.

The clear cold air struck Roger with reviving force and swelled his lungs. He leaned back in the big pulsing car and laughed weakly.

Starr smiled broadly at him. "Not used to it, are you?"

"I should say not." Then for no reason at all, "My father was a minister."

There was something so ludicrous about this announcement and the manner of its deliverance that Starr chuckled delightedly.

"Trent, you're a nice fellow," he said.

Roger grunted.

Starr looked him over quizzically. "I want you to come out tomorrow for awhile."

"It's pretty fine of you to invite me," with a swell of emotion. "We'll be glad to."

Starr was silent a minute. "I don't think you get me, Trent," he said quietly. "I'll be at Oxford Arms—I mean, for you to drop in there for an hour or so in the afternoon. We'll have a few drinks, at around and chat and have a bite to eat."

"Thanks, Mr. Starr," Roger said in a quandary. He decided to be frank. "I'd like to, but I couldn't leave Ann—not on New Year's Day."

"Ann, I presume, is the wife."

"Yes, sir."

A smile flickered at the corners of Starr's mouth.

"Pretty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sensible?"

"As they make them."

"Good, you just tell Ann that you're going out to talk over a promotion with old D. W. Starr."

"Promotion! But, of course, you don't mean that, Mr. Starr?"

"It is a little surprise. When we make the changes to take care of the branch banks, you're to be the new cashier of the Starr Trust Company."

Roger looked quickly to see if he had gone drunk again. He was smiling paternally at him. "Don't many of them move so fast, eh?" he asked.

"Cashier at the main bank!" There was awe in Roger's voice. "What's to become of Heffner?"

"Moving him up, too, manager of a branch."

"Whew!" Roger mopped his brow. "That takes the wind right out of my sails."

Starr patted him on the arm. "Buck up to it like a man, Trent."

"Mr. Starr, I ought to thank you, but I don't know how. Only I want you to know I appreciate it. I'll prove it to you. It couldn't happen if you weren't there."

"It happen to be there," Starr said dryly.

Roger was dizzy with the news. All Ann's hopes slowly materializing. She must be something to her concentration on them. Wait till she heard! His eyes shone.

"Think I'll ever rate a managership?" he asked jocularly, to let off steam, then quickly, "I mean of a branch?"

Starr studied him seriously. "No," he said reflectively. "No, you're going to stick close by old D. W. Starr."

Something in the way he said it raised Roger to the heights, took his breath. He sagged back in the car as if the wind blow over his face. Wait till Ann heard that! She'd never get over it. He could hardly keep the news till he got home.

"I'll expect you about three tomorrow," Starr said, letting him out at the bank; he wasn't going in, himself.

"Shall I go straight to Oxford Arms or shall I meet you somewhere first?"

David Starr smiled a smile that caused Roger to remember with alacrity that his wife was in Florida.

"You come at three, I'll be there," Starr assured him.

That evening Ann snuggled in the crook of his arm on the davenport and listened with popping eyes and little crows of delight to Roger's account of old D. W.'s "lil party with lil Elmer."

"Think of it, Roger?" she said in wonder. "Who'd ever have dreamed of it a year ago. Getting stewed with old D. W. Starr." She added warningly, "It's a good thing for you it was D. W."

"Yes, but wait till you hear this—"

It was his big moment, and even the thought of seeing Tiffany Darrel on the morrow was swept away on the high tide of emotion which followed his announcement that he was to be made cashier.

"Dear little goose," he said in a voice husky with joy, hugging Ann to him, "does it mean so much to you?"

"It means everything, Roger, to know that you are coming into your own."

Ann's mind was running in

(Continued on Page 17)

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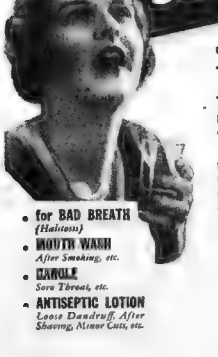

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BIG TIME By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 16)

high long after Roger slept, unfolding scenes of breathless wonder. It was like treading down a dark hallway opening doors upon rooms of strange delight. Now she was in the children's fitting room at Martin's trying that cute chinchilla out fit they had featured in the fashion show, on Babs. Now with Roger at Belt's selecting the pattern for a new suit; she saw Roger's shoulders, broad and manly, emerging out of the darkness with the suit on.

Maybe they would get a better place. Not a duplex. Something more exclusive. Perhaps they could even get one on Brandon Drive. Brandon Drive had reasonable apartments even though it was only a square away from Elm Boulevard with its array of formidable mansions. Maybe they could have a new car. And, Ann decided judiciously, she had better be comparing good schools for girls. Babs was young yet, but it was just as well to have her plans made.

Oh, she thought, drowsily just before her mind closed in on her in sleep, she might get that wireless Roger had said was out just for her.

CHAPTER VIII.

An Upsetting Afternoon.

THE afternoon of New Year's Day Roger set out for Oxford arms in high hopes. Starr had asked him to call! He visualized them sitting in Tiffany's cheerful living room, chatting casually and smoking—Tiffany sitting by, charmingly alert. He brushed the cobwebs from his mental closet and primed himself for an intellectual afternoon.

He was somewhat disconcerted when Starr met him in his shirt sleeves, and chagrined when he conducted him to the "den" to find another girl present.

He felt better when he learned that she had not been brought in for him but had come down from the party the night before at Dave Starr's country place, Juniper Lodge, forty or fifty miles up the river, of which they talked much; the new girl — a languid brunette—yawning her remarks from a divan where she lay curled in a cloud of filmy floating chiffon.

Roger was disappointed and uncomfortable—and half sorry he had come. Starr, as listless as the brunette, had tucked himself away on another divan as soon as he had poured a drink for Roger.

"Wanted the gang to stay out till this afternoon," he explained. "But being New Year's Day or some other blamed thing the men had to trot home to their wives. So we drove in, too, and they've been dropping in all day."

That made Roger feel that his visit was not exactly propitious.

"We'll answer no more rings," Tiffany said decisively.

She, alone, appeared fresh and unworn. Her frosted green tea-gown, sleeveless, and slippers of the same hue lent a fragile, ethereal quality to her transparent skin and gleaming gold hair.

Her eyes, today, Roger noticed, were neither the sea blue of his first visit, nor the pansy purple of the football game, but a deep tantalizing blue shadowing pointed darts of emerald in their transparent depths.

"Don't mind them, Roger Trent," she said in soft musical cadence and it occurred to Roger that she always called him by his full name. "They're behaving like a couple of bums. You've saved the day for me."

"A-hoy, Trent! To the rescue," laughed Starr. "The lady is in distress. Tiffany always could go me two to one on anything—try your hand with her."

Roger wondered that Starr could so self-assuredly turn Tiffany Darrel over to him, even if for only an hour.

In time he learned the answer. Starr's egotism was such that he could not conceive of a woman, having him, giving thought to another.

They chatted of indifferent things until Tiffany, driven by the brunette's yawns and Dave's sleepy replies, declared, "We are going to leave you two to the arms of Morpheus." And led Roger to the living room.

"Atta-girl, Tiffany," applauded the brunette, and Dave Starr settled with a relieved sigh into a comfortable position for a catnap.

Roger stopped beside a table in the circular room and fingered the silver cigarette box. It was on this spot she had warned him against indiscreet remarks.

"What did you do with the rose dress?" he asked in modulated tones.

She laughed. A golden laugh that trickled through the room like the tinkling of myriad tiny bells. "I put it down in tissue and rose leaves."

"Do you always—put your dresses down in tissue and rose leaves?"

"Only memorable ones."

"Memorable for—?" He left the question suspended, recalling the disappointment he had borne thither.

"A pleasant hour," she supplied. "Shall we smoke to it?"

She took a cigarette from the box and bent her head close to his hand when he struck a light. Swept by a sudden consciousness of her nearness, his fingers trembled so that the flame flickered unsteadily. She took one long puff then put it to his lips. He drew one, and she crushed the cigarette out on the silver box. "And there shall the ashes from our two lips lie together," she said softly.

For an instant Roger had an overpowering desire to crush her in his arms, but the moving of Dave Starr on his couch in the next room brought him to his senses, and their clash of eyes fell; beaten by discretion.

"What would like now?" she inquired, banteringly.

"Wouldst like thee to play for me," he returned, indicating the piano.

"Willst."

The soft rays of the piano lamp diffused in a golden halo around her head. It shone on the curves of her bare throat and on her lovely white arms, increasing the distance between them. He meant it more than she thought he did.

She let her fingers idle over the keys and finally come to a stop.

He stood, hands thrust in his pockets, gazing down at her.

"What are you dreaming about?" she asked up into his face.

"You."

"Not allowed. Thoughts must be spoken—"

"You're a woman any man would be—proud to——" he stopped, embarrassed.

A startling change transformed her. She sprang up, her eyes darting like green barbed spears, her body tense with something akin to imperial pride.

"Don't you think I am aware of what my real position should be?" she demanded in a furious, hostile undertone, directly in Roger's ear.

She was so furious, and he was so poignantly assailed by the proximity of her alluring body, that he could only stand—silent, stupidly trying to gather himself together.

She turned as unexpectedly as she had attacked him and, banging the piano lid shut as she went by, walked out of the room.

"For heaven's sake, Tiffany, are you moving the roof?" Starr called peevishly.

There was no answer from Tiffany. Roger decided that he had better show himself and strolled into the den.

"Lo, Trent," Starr said, rumpling his hair. "Tiffany gone to sleep on you, too. I'll get up and fix you a drink——"

"Don't bother, Mr. Starr," Roger said, no longer concerned over him for the day. "I can get it myself. Shall I bring you one?"

"Don't mind if you do—there's an open bottle in the kitchenette."

Roger went out and mixed the drinks soberly. He was upset. Strung on a high tension. Tiffany had him in a ferment with her loveliness and songs and unexpected tenderness. It was all he could do to keep a hand on himself at best. But for her to bang a piano lid in his face and leave him like that—without a chance to explain—and with Dave to rush after and make her listen to reason. That was the awful part of it, he couldn't rush after her. He couldn't do anything, anything, where she was concerned. There was Starr.

The door opened and closed almost noiselessly. He wheeled around. Tiffany stood with her back to the wall—the anger gone out of her eyes, the fire out of her bearing.

"You hurt me," she said. "Terribly. It was as if you were accusing me of—of—" She waved her arms in a significant gesture to include her surroundings, then seeming to realize the futility of explanation, dropped them dully to her side. It swept like a great chording hand across his heart strings, taut to breaking. All that mattered, suddenly, was to comfort her.

"I wasn't, Tiffany, I wasn't," he said. "You misunderstood what I was going to say. I meant that no matter where you were, what your position, you would still be a woman any man would be proud to—to—" he couldn't finish what he had in mind because he knew it was that that had offended her, so instead of saying, "call his wife," he finished, "—worship." He took her hand humbly. "You are that, Tiffany."

Her hands clung to his, then she withdrew them and put one on the knob. "What really hurt," she said in a low musical chime, "was that it could matter what you said."

She was gone through the door before he really understood her meaning.

He sat down at the kitchen table and ran his fingers through his hair. Dave Starr was in there waiting for his drink. What did he care! Let him wait. He drank the two glasses himself and inspected the bottle with new interest.

The brunette, thrusting her head in the door sometime later, inquired, "Well, good looking, you're not holding out on us are you? Say, Dave," she called when she got no answer, "I think your Starr Trust marvel has bumped himself off to a good drunk."

"Well, I'll be darned," Dave Starr said, coming into the kitchen. "Wonder if I'll have to play wet nurse to him every time I show him a bottle. Let's get him to a couch."

Dave and the brunette laughed and cracked jokes about him as they helped Roger into the living room. Tiffany stood at a window, silent; looking out at the growing dusk.

"God to get him into some sort of decent shape before we let him go home, he's got one of those particular wives."

Tiffany brought wet towels, then, and sat on a footstool, bathing his face while Starr, assisted by the brunette, made fresh coffee.

Roger opened his eyes now and again on Tiffany and tried to turn his forehead.

Starr gave him several cups of coffee and opened a window near his head and urged him, as Roger improved, to spring that one about the minister' son.

Roger grunted sheepishly. "You should have booted me out the window," he said.

It was nearly seven when he left. At the door, Starr said, "We'll have to take him up to Juniper Lodge with us some week-end, won't we, Tiffany?" Tiffany said, "Yes," and they let him out into the Winter night.

To Be Continued Next Sunday

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Blind-Man's-Buff

By Florence Emerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 14)

"Yes," he said, "I remember Malinda used to tell us ghost stories in front of the kitchen fire when the family was away. Naturally we had nightmares, and when the grown-ups found out they put a stop to it. Lee was the youngest, and I suppose the whole business made an extra deep impression on him."

"Do you remember this particular story?" Jimmy asked.

"I believe there wasn't any particular story. Malinda just made them up as she went along. But she did have a pet 'hant' that came out of graves and called When you heard it you had to go I say!" He broke off in outraged protest. "You're not taking all that stuff seriously? It couldn't be true, you know."

"Anything can be true," Jimmy's voice was despairing. "After what I've seen and heard tonight, I'm ready to believe in witches, and ghouls, and banshees, hags that ride on broomsticks, and spirits that rise from the vasty deep. What else will explain that 'shadowy figure' Aunt Hagar saw? That call? And the utter, incredible insanity of Lee's going up to the tomb?"

Doug turned and stared at him. "What figure?" he asked, and I was reminded that he had not heard the testimony of the other members of the family. "What figure do you mean?"

"Aunt Hagar saw something," Jimmy explained wearily, "which she swears came out of the tomb and bent over you as you lay near Lee's body." He stopped short as Doug broke into a peal of hysterical laughter.

"I can't help it!" he choked, "Member what Aunt Hagar said on the hill—'Plenty of corpses—And plenty of chills'!" His shoulders were shaking, his breath coming in gasps. As he fell back on the pillow the doctor hurried forward, and I ran for Mrs. Prill.

A moment later Jimmy joined me in the hall. "He's all right," he said. "Just an hysterical attack from too much talk after that blow on the head." He turned and looked back toward the door with an expression of grave perplexity. "Do you know, Phil, it wasn't only Lee who was frightened by that spook of Malinda's. In spite of his protestations, I believe our brave boy Doug is scared to within an inch of his life.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Mallet of Chilled Steel.

AT daybreak Jimmy and I put on oilskins and went up the hill to the tomb, where we found that the force of the rain had washed away all signs of blood; only the outline of Lee's body, where Jimmy had marked it the night before, was visible on the white steps. Nothing could be learned from footprints. Mark, Harker, Jimmy and I had all been on the hill, besides Lee, Doug, Tony and the mysterious murderer. The prints of our strangely assorted footgear, ranging from bedroom slippers to rubber boots, were hopelessly intermingled.

We made one important discovery: In a puddle about 20 feet from the spot where Doug had fallen, we found the instrument that had struck him down. It was a small, round-headed mallet of chilled steel, with a metal

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"Wouldst like me to sing?" she asked.

"Would-it," he said and draped himself across the corner of the piano until his eyes were on a level with her own—downcast at the moment. Her eyelashes fluttered like butterfly wings in a breeze then lifted. The green shafts seemed to reach out and enclasp him. He moved unconsciously closer. A warm rich red stained the transparency of her skin.

"Infant," she accused in a low voice.

"Siren," he whispered, a little huskily.

She sang in a voice low and sweet, one that must have had years of cultivation.

"Sing with me," she begged.

He sat beside her and was proud that he could sing. Songs whose words they did not know, they crooned the melody to her accompaniment and Roger was transported beyond the shell of his mortal self. Tiffany Darrel. Was there ever a woman like her?

"This is the driest place west of the Sahara," came Dave Starr's complaining rumble, breaking into the perfect communion they had attained.

"I'll mix you a drink, darling," Tiffany called.

Roger experienced the impact of shock at the endearing term.

"Shall I bring you one, too?" she asked.

He shook his head in the negative, and wandered around the room while she was gone, unaccountably disturbed. Starr's voice, asking for a favorite song, followed her on her return. She seated herself at the piano again. Roger continued to wander around the room in abstraction. Unable to withstand longer the lure of her voice which seemed to be singing directly to him, he returned to her side and draped himself over the corner as before.

Her mood, too, had changed. She was daring, openly seductive, thing her lovely head at an enchanting angle, rolling her gorgeous changeable eyes in rhythm to the song.

"You're inviting trouble—Tiffany," he warned just barely above his breath.

Her eyes leaped at the sound of her name, and she laughed deliciously, crooning on through the laugh. Roger straightened,

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THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, I'LL TRY IT
JUST THINK! I'VE ONLY BEEN EATING YEAST TWO WEEKS AND MY INDIGESTION IS GONE ALREADY! HOW WONDERFUL!
AND YOU HAVEN'T MISSED A DAY AT THE STORE!
ONE MONTH LATER
WASN'T MR. BROWN A PEACH TO GIVE ME A RAISE AND THIS EXTRA VACATION?
YOU CERTAINLY HAVE EARNED IT, DEAR.
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Blind-Man's-Buff

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 17)

handle less than six inches long, which was usually kept in a closet off the gallery. About the head and handle was wrapped a water-soaked handkerchief.

"Efficient," Jimmy observed, as he swung it in a circle through the air. "Darned efficient. It's small but heavy, and so well balanced that you can take perfect aim."

"But why the handkerchief?"

"At first blush I'd say it was to prevent finger-prints. But why it should be wrapped around the head—" He broke off, examining the square of blue-bordered linen. "The initials are L. C."

"Lee Conroy," I said. "He had that handkerchief in the room last night before we went to bed. I think he put it in the pocket of his dressing gown."

"Speaking of pockets—this fits into one nicely." He slipped the mallet into the pocket of his raincoat. "It could have been concealed easily enough, and that knife, too." For a moment longer he searched the shrubbery and grass, then gave it up and turned his attention to the lock on the door of the tomb. "There's supposed to be only two keys," he said thoughtfully, "and I had both of them last night, but, of course, it's always possible someone possesses a duplicate." As he spoke he fitted one of the keys into the lock.

"You're going into the tomb?" I asked.

"We're both going in. It's a nasty job but there's no escaping it. I won't have any peace of mind until I find out whether that 'shadowy shape' of Aunt Hagar's has left any earthly footprints."

With a feeling of sick distaste I followed him through the door and into the entrance hall, where he turned on the lights and examined the floor. I had hoped to be spared the horror of the lower room, but Jimmy was inexorable. Step by step, he went over the stairs; and foot by foot, scrutinized the walls, searching for a hidden opening.

The upper room was of marble; the crypt cement. In neither of them was there so much as a crack to mar the white expanse. The floors and plastered ceilings were unbroken.

We swung back the doors of wrought metal, which led into the inner alcove, and discovered a hand-some bronze sarcophagus, raised from the floor by six claw feet. Here Jimmy not only examined the walls behind the casket, but even the space beneath. In the end, he shook his head.

"We'll have to find some other explanation for Aunt Hagar's figure, Phil. There's no opening here, nor in the room upstairs. I'm convinced of that."

I had been convinced for some time, and thankfully led the way through the crypt to the stairs. On the bottom Jimmy paused. I saw that he was looking back at the Latin inscription above the doors.

Something about the words seemed to fascinate him.

"Non vixit qui post mortem non vivit," he read slowly. "Am I wrong, or can that possibly mean what I think it does?"

"He hath not lived that lives not after death," I translated, and he nodded, a growing horror in his eyes.

"That's what I thought." Slowly his glance traversed the room, passing from the inscribed words to the figures that lay, left and right, upon their biers, starkly outlined under the sheets by the cruel flood of white light from above. Suddenly his hand closed on my arm with a convulsive grip. "Let's get out of here," he gasped. "Let's get out of this abominable place!"

With one accord we swung about and half fled up the stairs.

Once in the outside air, we recovered ourselves. Jimmy locked the doors of the tomb and started at a brisk pace down the hill path beneath the moisture-laden branches of cypress and ayca more, but instead of going to the house he turned off through the shrubbery at the south end.

"I want to talk with Harker," he explained "We've not yet had his version of what happened last night."

The caretaker was in his room. He greeted us with sulky reserve. He was still dressed in the sweater and trousers he had donned when I called him the night before. His boots were damp, and his raincoat hung against the wall, its deep cape steaming from the heat of a Franklin stove.

Jimmy's eyes passed quickly from one object to another, and stopped at a wire key-ring which hung by the door. I thought he was going to investigate this; but instead, he dropped into a chair near the stove and held out his hands to the blaze.

"We came to find out if you could tell us anything new about what happened last night." His tone was friendly.

But Harker did not respond. he remained standing in the center of the room, his small eyes darting glances of suspicion and distrust which were divided equally between us.

"Nothing," he growled "I went to bed about 10 o'clock, and fell right asleep. Didn't know anything more until Mr. Carter, here, woke me up and told me what had happened."

"You're sure you didn't hear anything earlier?"

"Not a thing. I'm a heavy sleeper, and when it's cold I pull the covers round my head. Guess it took you some time to wake me, didn't it, Mr. Carter?"

"Yes; I had to come in and shake you."

"Come in?" Jimmy echoed. "You mean the door was unlocked?"

"It was closed but not locked—" I broke off at a sudden thought. What was it Tony had said? That he had pounded on Harker's door but it had been locked? "That's strange," I was beginning, when Jimmy threw me a warning glance.

"What are those keys by the door?" he asked.

"Two of 'em are for the dynamo room and one for the boat house, then there's keys to this room and the house doors, front and back."

"H'm." Jimmy rose and carefully compared the keys with those which fitted the lock of the tomb; even at a distance I could see there was no resemblance between them. Without comment he quietly slipped the ring into the capacious pocket of his raincoat, which already contained the steel mallet, then turned again to Harker. "When we carried the body into the tomb last night, you were the first to enter. Did you notice any footprints inside? I mean any signs that someone might have been there before us?"

Harker regarded him craftily, then shook his head. "No; I didn't notice. That's not saying there mightn't have been . . . nor am I saying there weren't. I wasn't looking about footprints just then."

"Naturally not," Jimmy agreed amiably; then shot out a question with startling suddenness. "Were you surprised when Carter woke you and said there had been an other murder?"

"Surprised?" Again the old man's eyes studied us from behind the defense of their pendulous lids. "No; I can't say I was. I wouldn't be surprised at anything that was to happen in this family."

"Why not?"

"Because they got bad blood in 'em," he snarled. "That Conroy blood they're always bragging about. Proud as Lucifer, the whole lot of 'em. Thinking they're God's annointed, smarter, and better looking than anyone else, pretending they're above morals and laws. Oh, I've heard 'em talking around the dining-table throwing in French and Italian just to show off—making fun of everyone and everything.

He was working himself into a paroxysm of rage, and I expected Jimmy to quiet him; instead he fed the flames.

"There's no doubt they're a brilliant family."

"Brilliant!" Harker fairly spat out the word. "Brilliant? They're crazy, every one of 'em! Crazy as bedlam! Except, maybe, Miss Lucia, there isn't one of them that isn't wicked-cruel. Take Dr. Mark. They say he does things for the good of humanity. But what is it he does? He's got a laboratory where he keeps live dogs and monkeys. Gives 'em diseases, then watches 'em die. I heard him tell about it—and the rest all listening. And could see how they relished it by their faces. Then there's Miss Hagar always reading about magic. Talking about it, too. Told me one day she'd worked out ten different ways of killing me without getting found out. 'Perfect crimes,' she called 'em, the old she-devil!" He was lost in his subject now, the ferocity of his words carrying him forward.

Jimmy was watching with grave intentness. Could it be possible, I wondered, that he was taking the man's words seriously? Couldn't he see Harker was in abject terror of being accused himself, and was striking out against the Conroy family, blindly, viciously, in order to save his own neck?

"Then there's Miss Judith," he went on. "Always reading those psychology books and asking questions about her father until I'm ready to go nutty. When did I first notice him beeng queer? How did he look? How did he talk? Do you think he know it himself? Things like that. If you ask me, I think she's gone crazy, only nobody's found it out yet. And Mr. Tony's no better."

But Jimmy's protest sounded as though he were really astonished, "he isn't a Conroy."

"Not by blood, but he's been with 'em all his life. And look at the way he act. Always mooning around. Sitting up nights and sleeping half the day. So crazy about Miss Lucia he went pretty near out of his head when he found she was going to marry Mr. Doug. I heard how he carried on."

"Most of the big scenes of the Conroy family seem to occur in your vicinity," Jimmy suggested ironically, and Harker snorted.

"I can't help it if the island's so small I'm always hearing things, can I?" I just happened to be near when Miss Lucia and Mr Tony were having it out. She told him he was worthless and lazy, while Mr. Doug, even if he wasn't so smart in other ways, had worked hard and made something of himself. Mr. Tony carried on like a crazy man."

"That was last year," Jimmy pointed out.

"Sure it was last year, but he hasn't over it yet. You've only got to look at him to see that. You know how those foreigners are, treacherous and cruel."

"So you think because Miss Lucia threw him over he's butchering the whole family out of spite?"

"I didn't say that," Harker protested sourly. "You're putting words into my mouth. I just said he was bad as the rest. And for all Miss Lucia says, Mr Doug's no better. Always out shooting things and bringing 'em in for me to pick. Oh, Harker, old man, would you mind just doing this? Would you mind just doing that?" His voice cracked on an imitation of Doug's pleasant, hearty tones. "Always smiling. Always cheerful. But look at that red hair! If you ever refused, like as not he'd pick you up and crack you across his knee like a piece o' kindling."

"Whew!" Jimmy looked at him with a slight grin. "You don't seem to have spared any one, except Mrs. Prill and Mrs Dietrich."

"Oh, Mrs Dietrich's all right." Harker's voice held contempt but no rancor. "Tain't her fault she's married into the Conroy family. I guess she's been sorry often enough, the way they all look down on her. But Mrs. Prill—" His face again set into angry lines. "She's the worst of the lot!"

"Prillie!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Prillie," he mocked "As pious as a bishop. But if you look at what she reads in her Bible, you'll find it's not the chapters about faith, hope and charity—it's the bloody parts about death and destruction. If you ask me, she'd as lief cut a throat as bake a pie. And if you don't believe she had something to do with what happened last night, go see what it was she hid in the gallery closet less than an hour ago."

CHAPTER XXII.

Mrs. Prill Tells a Lie.

JIMMY sent me ahead to the library while he investigated the gallery closet, which was a cubbyhole on the second floor used as a repository for tools, fishing tackle, and all the other oddments that lacked a regular storage place. None of the family was down, as yet, and I passed through the empty living room, where the pillows were still strewn about the floor, as they had been the night before, when we received warning of Lee's approaching death.

It seemed incredibly horrible to realize that the slight indentation in the center of the divan had been made by his weight as he sat, head on hand, listening to the family council. To save Lucia pain, I picked up the pillows and smoothed the couch, then went on to the library, where I occupied myself in building a fire until Jimmy came in with a bundle under his arm, which he put down with a chair.

"Prillie is getting breakfast," he told me. "She'll serve us in here. I prefer not to meet the family until we are a trifle clearer in our minds."

"Did you find what she had put in the gallery closet?"

"Yes." Instead of explaining, he burst out irascibly "Good heaven, Phil, this case grows madder and madder the deeper we get into it! It's like that wretched game we were playing when Berto was killed—blind-man's-buff. I seem continually to be catching suspects in the dark, but before I can identify them they slip from my hands." He broke off, exhausted by his own vehemence, dropped into a seat by the fire, and stretched his feet toward the blaze. "You asked me what I found in that closet," he said, in a calmer voice. "It was a raincoat and a pair of rubbers."

"Malinda's slicker?"

"No; a woman's mackintosh, in heather shades. I'm almost sure I've seen it on one of the girls—Connie, Judith, Lucia—I'll be hanged if I know which."

"But why should Mrs. Prill hide it? There's nothing incriminating about a raincoat."

"A raincoat and rubbers, both damp"

"You mean . . . someone may have worn them on the hill last night?"

"It's possible. Anything's possible in this hellish affair." He rose to his feet, listened intently, then crossed the room and threw open the door into the rear hall. Mrs. Prill was standing on the other side with a loaded tray.

If she had overheard our talk, her face gave no intimation of it. Impassively as ever she carried her burden to the table by the fire and began to lay our breakfast.

For a time Jimmy watched her, then: "By the way, Mrs. Prill," he inquired pleasantly, "who asked you to put that raincoat in the gallery closet this morning?"

Her hands, busy with the dishes, stopped for a moment, then resumed their steady movement. "Why, nobody, Mr. Late. I hung it there myself."

"Oh, then it's your coat?"

"No," coolly. "It's Miss Judith's. I wore it last night when I went out in the rain to get some wood." She had turned away, so that her face was no longer visible; but her tone was candid as she continued: "On the way down-stairs to make my chocolate, I remembered there wasn't any wood in the kitchen, and I'd have to go out and get some. I took Miss Judith's coat. It was hanging just inside her door. I knew she wouldn't mind."

"I thought you told us you went downstairs to get a Bible, and that the idea of hot chocolate didn't occur to you until after you had reached the kitchen."

Her wrinkled eyelids fluttered at that, but she recovered herself quickly. "Well now, I must have spoken without thinking. What I really went down for was to make some chocolate. I put on Miss Judith's coat and went out to the wood pile—"

"In order to make chocolate on the electric stove?"

"I was just going to explain about that. I made the chocolate on the grill, but the kitchen was cold, so I wanted to build a fire in the stove to warm myself while I drank it."

Jimmy's expression was incredulous. "And after your promenade through the rain to the wood pile, what did you do?"

"As I told you, I started making the chocolate."

"Still wearing the raincoat and rubbers?"

"Yes. I wanted to get the milk on to boil before I took them off. While I was pouring it out I heard Miss Judith, and ran upstairs to find you all dashing madly about."

"You weren't wearing the raincoat when you appeared."

"No. I slipped it off and hung it in the rear hall. This morning I found the wet rubber was making the place smell, so I brushed the coat and rubbers out to the gallery closet."

"Without stopping to wash off the mud?"

"No. . . . yes. . . ." She seemed confused. "That is—there wasn't time!"

"Of course not." Jimmy seemed pleased, for some obscure reason. "Thank you, Mrs. Prill, for cleaning up a point that puzzled me."

"You're welcome, I'm sure." She was plainly relieved at his acceptance of her explanation, and anxious to be gone.

"What is it?" I asked, when she had left the room. "Don't you believe her story?"

"About as much as I believe black is white." Jimmy dropped into the chair across the table from me. Pouring up a cup of coffee, he began adding lumps of sugar absently. "In the first place, it's all a cock-and-bull story going down to make a cup of chocolate. Last night she said plainly that it was an afterthought. In the second, the firewood is not kept outdoors, but in a bin on the back porch. I suppose she didn't know I was on to that detail either. Third, those rubbers aren't muddy—they've been carefully wiped off."

"What's her motive——"

"That," he interrupted, "is the thing we've got to figure out. Motive is at the base of this whole hellish business. With Berto we found plenty of reasons for his being killed. None of them very convincing, it's true—yet convincing enough for us to admit them as possibilities. Now, we've got to find a motive that will fit the murder not only of Berto, but of Sally and Lee as well. And that, my son, is going to take some finding."

"But don't you think the murderer is mad?"

"Oh, as to my thoughts—I've got lots of beauties. It was evident the coffee was making him more cheerful. "Would you like to hear more of 'em?"

I nodded without speaking, and he went on:

"I think there's no doubt but that the murderer—or murderess—is sane. Last night proved that."

"In what way?"

"Because of Doug's injuries. He was struck on the head immediately after Lee was killed. If the murderer had been a maniac, killing only for insane pleasure, he would almost certainly have cut Doug's throat. What do we find? He not only leaves Doug's throat intact, but pads the head of a hammer with a handkerchief in order to strike not too hard a blow. All of which suggests that Berto and Lee and Sally were murdered for a motive that was absent in the case of Doug."

"You mean the inheritance, of course."

"Yes; Doug isn't mentioned in the will, but the deaths of the others would increase the inheritance of the remaining legatees."

"But, good heaven," I was almost childishly repelled, "no one would kill a girl and two men for such a paltry sum."

Jimmy sighed. "Better not make rash statements about what men—and women too—will do for money," he advised. "Burke and Hare smothered a score of poor wretches in order to sell their anatomic carcasses for a few pounds apiece. John Williams, the London murderer, killed a man, his wife, a young boy, and a baby for two guineas. And most of Landru's women-victims were slaughtered for a few hundred francs. Here, the stakes are higher. According to Lucia, the estate is worth in the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That would have given the original seven legatees about twenty-one thousand apiece. With three of them out of the way, the remaining beneficiaries stand to receive thirty-six thousand, an increase of fifteen thousand. Not an amount to be sniffed at, Phil."

"It's inconceivable!" I was trying to envision any one of the remaining legatees—Mark, Lucia, Aunt Hagar and Judith—committing murder for such a sum, for any sum.

Jimmy caught my expression and smiled ironically. "Nice pleasant prospect, isn't it, trying to fit any of them into the role? But there's something about money, or, rather, the lack of money, that turns people into fiends, Phil. Remember that Latin Johnny old Green used to din into us at college? Plautus, wasn't it? Something about gold persuading many men in many matters to do evil? Well, it's true. And here you've got a perfect set-up for trouble."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean a brilliant, neurotic family like the Conroys. Not one of 'em has the slightest idea of how to make money, except Doug, and he's not really of their

(Continued on Page 19)

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Hard corns, soft corns, corns between the toes, and calluses lift right off! You'll laugh—it is so easy and doesn't hurt a bit!

Just drop FREEZONE on any tender, touchy corn. Instantly it stops aching; then shortly you just lift that old bothersome corn right off with your fingers. It works like a charm, every time. Seems like magic!

A bottle of FREEZONE costs a few cents at any drug store. Try it.

FREEZONE

AH! Pain Stops

Ingrown Nail Turns Right Out!

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the ingrowing nail reduces inflammation and pain and so toughens the tender, sensitive skin underneath the toe nail, that it can not penetrate the flesh, and the nail turns naturally outward almost over night.

"Outgro" is a harmless antiseptic manufactured for chiropodists. However, anyone can buy from the drug store a tiny bottle containing directions.

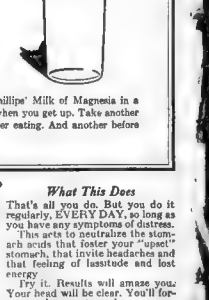
WHAT STOMACH ACIDITY IS AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT

A Few Simple Rules

THE SIGNS OF ACID STOMACH

Nervousness
Neuralgia
Indigestion
Auto-intoxication
Sour Stomach
Mouth Acidity
Nausea
Loss of Appetite
Frequent Headaches
Feeling of Weakness
Sleeplessness

WHAT TO DO FOR IT



TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

According to many authorities, some 80% of the people of today have acid stomach. This because so many foods, comprising the modern diet, are acid forming foods.

It usually makes itself felt in headaches, nausea, "gas," "biliousness," and most frequently in stomach pains that come about thirty minutes after eating. So you can easily tell if you have it.

Now Quickly and Easily Corrected

If you do have acid stomach, don't worry about it. You can correct it in a very simple manner. Just do this. It will *alkalize* your acid soaked stomach almost immediately. You will feel like another person.

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia with a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes Food and Tobacco Acids a few minutes after taking.

What This Does

That's all you do. But you do it regularly, EVERY DAY, so long as you have any symptoms of distress.

This acts to neutralize the stomach acids that foster your "upset" stomach, that invite headaches and that feeling of lassitude and lost energy.

Try it. Results will amaze you. Your head will be clear. You'll forget you have a stomach.

BUT—be careful that you get REAL milk of magnesia when you buy; genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. See that the name "Phillips" is stamped clearly on the label.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

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Extraordinary Endurance of the Human Body

(Continued from Double Page)

rare. In any event, loss of breath never would have interfered with this strangling feat.

The real danger probably is that mere pressure of the rope should break or tear some delicate structure of the neck, such as a nerve, the windpipe or one of the great veins or arteries leading to the brain. Such damage might well be irreparable and probably Mr. Johnson cannot continue performing this feat indefinitely without inviting some such catastrophe. His safeguard is the strength of his trained neck muscles and his care to keep these tensed tightly during the feat, so that delicate structures will be protected even if breathing stops. Another real danger is that stoppage of blood to the brain, caused by constriction of the neck arteries by the pressure, might damage that organ. It is unlikely, however, that this could happen in so short a time as forty seconds.

For the man who holds an iron bar in his teeth while a half dozen young women support their weight on it, the chief danger is a sudden shock or change of the position of the weight that is being supported, so that some bone or other part of the human structure might give way. Architects know that the mere support of an unmoving weight is easy in comparison with support of the weights that move. That is why a skyscraper needs less steel in its frame, in proportion to the weight carried, than is needed in a railway bridge which is to be used by fast-moving trains.

A tooth, also, will support a considerable steady weight without being crushed. Probably the pressure on a small area of a tooth's surface when the owner bites down hard on a bit of food is as great as the better-distributed pressure of the iron bar resting on the surface of several teeth. Yet the teeth withstand it. But should the iron bar slip, so that all the weight came suddenly on one tooth surface or so that the muscles or bones in the jaw or neck were subjected suddenly to a new strain, the result might be disastrous.

Ordinary athletic records probably would furnish many examples of strength as great or endurance even greater than are required in these less usual and more spectacular feats. The most extreme expenditure of energy in any sport was found in a scientific research last year at Harvard University to be in football, although the short track dashes were found to involve an expenditure equally great or even greater for very brief periods of time.

The British physiologist, Professor A. V. Hill, has measured the energy output of some of these runners of short dashes as being at the rate of more than eight horsepower, one horsepower being about the rate at which an ordinary draft horse will exert energy for some minutes or even hours at a time. Race horses expend greater energy for short dashes, just as human beings do. Professor Wallace O. Penn of the University of Rochester has found energy outputs up to six horsepower.

No human being, however, can continue to expend muscular energy at such high rates for more than a very few minutes at a time. According to Professor H. W. Haggard of Yale the men rowing a four-mile race in the crew use energy at the rate of about one-half horsepower each, while what is believed to be the hardest kind of work done by any human being for hours at a time, that of the workers of the Egyptian shadoofs or lever machines for lifting irrigation water from the Nile, consumes only about one-eighth of a horsepower.

Of more usual tasks, two require special endurance: that of the coolies who haul the rickshaws or man-drawn vehicles of the Orient, and that of mountain climbers. The energy developed by a rickshaw coolie has been measured by Professor Adolph Basler of Canton, China, and found to be almost exactly one-tenth of a horsepower. Curiously enough, the energy delivered continuously by a mountain climber has been measured by Mr. Alvan L. Davis as precisely this same figure.

Wrestlers are believed to produce, at least for brief intervals of great effort, somewhat more energy than this and one other occupation, or avocation, is in the same class. This is dancing. Dr. F. G. Benedict, of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, is authority for the statement that a mental giant working on some abstruse mathematical problem will use as little energy that one peanut an hour, eaten as food, will provide all the energy that he needs.

The housemaid dusting the professor's study will use as much energy as this in about five minutes, therefore requiring about twelve peanuts an hour, or their equivalent in other food, to keep her going. A dancer doing a tango or a man performing some such still more active dance as those of the Russian peasants, may use ten or fifteen times this energy and may need more than a hundred peanut-units of food an hour to take up the load.

From the viewpoint of endurance rather than mere exertion, the dancing record probably belongs to the Frenchman, Charles Nicolas, who claims to have danced continually for 276 hours in Carnival, tango, alternating between waltzes and fox trots. The ordinary "dance marathons" which were popular a few years ago seldom involved continuous dancing but allowed brief intervals of rest in every hour of every day.

Perhaps the most remarkable dance record, however, is not a long one, but is the 73 minutes of continuous toe dancing accomplished by a young American dancer, Miss Joyce Morray, without once touching her heels to the floor during this period or relaxing for an instant the strain on the bones and muscles of her extended toes.

Among the hundreds of freak records which human beings have accumulated for one reason or another, such as the ridiculous tree-sitting records which so many tried for a year or two ago, the majority probably require no great amount of actual endurance or anything except a willingness to stick to something useless as long as possible. One that did require endurance is the record of 67 hours of continuous swimming credited to the South American athlete, Pedro Candioti.

Professor H. L. Malcolm, of Pompano, Fla., who recently made the record of climbing 16 peaks of the Adirondack Mountains in a single day, between one minute past midnight and half past 9 in the evening, deserves similar credit; as does Madame Carmen Reggio, who climbed the stairs of the 66-story Woolworth Building in 13 minutes and 4 seconds, or even Captain Brock Putnam, of the United States Army, who claims the golf endurance record of 252 holes in a single day.

In addition to endurance marked by long continued output of energy or by muscular resistance or by withstanding of cold, heat has its human conquerors, too. Just what is the highest temperature that the human body can stand seems not to have been determined scientifically. Doubtless the experiment is too dangerous. It is known, however, that temperatures far hotter than the hottest ordinary weather are stood for hours or even days by firemen in front of furnaces in factories or by geologists or prospectors in desert regions such as Death Valley, where the thermometer sometimes reaches 130 or 135 degrees. One thing that sometimes happens to people who work in such heat is pain or some other symptom due to too much loss of the body's salt in perspiration. That is why workers in such surroundings often have the habit of drinking slightly salty water instead of ordinary water.

The record for endurance of artificial respiration in the "iron lung" seems to rest with a 15-year-old boy of Beacon, N. Y., Birdsall Sweet, who was allowed out of this contrivance for a short time last Christmas so that he could visit his family for the holiday. He has been in the device since September, 1931, as a result of paralysis of breathing muscles by infantile paralysis.

After the acute phase of this disease is over, the victim often is left with nerves so damaged that they will not carry the orders necessary for the working of the body. If breathing can be kept up artificially for a few weeks or months, the damaged nerves sometimes regenerate slowly, so that recovery is almost complete or even entirely so.

Pain, too, is marked in medical records by many instances of extreme endurance, for the victim of some exceedingly painful disease such as trigeminal neuralgia, affecting the face and side of the head, or angina pectoris, affecting the chest and heart, probably suffers far more pain than was experienced by old-time martyrs burned at the stake or broken on the wheel.

Minor pains, such as those of the Indian fakirs who lie on beds of nails or of the young girl who emulates this feat without the mental support which the fakirs' religious ideas undoubtedly give them, are easily stopped altogether, so far as conscious painfulness is concerned, by a little mental effort of the type of self-hypnotism. It must be remembered, too, that the very fact that there are many nails in these beds makes the pain or the danger of puncture so much less, for the weight of the body is distributed over all of the nails so that no one of them presses very hard.

Accidents have piled up many other records of what the human body will stand; for example, the case recorded in medical literature of a full-sized crowbar blown entirely through a man's head and brain without causing death, or the case reported last year by Dr. T. C. Bost, of Charlotte, N. C., in which the victim of a motor accident had a piece of wooden bridge railing three inches wide and nearly an inch thick driven entirely through his body and yet was saved by Dr. Bost's prompt surgical attention. Another incident almost exactly similar happened last Summer in England.

A farmer in Mendota, Ill., caught his arm in a piece of farm machinery while working alone in a cornfield. Unable to free the injured member, the farmer amputated it with his own pocket knife, bound up the wound as well as he could and walked a mile to assistance. A Pennsylvania shoemaker who was in the habit of holding tacks in his mouth while at work realized that he occasionally swallowed a tack, but did not imagine that these articles would do any harm, pain than was experienced by old-time martyrs burned at the stake or broken on the wheel.

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What is urged as the world's record of surgical operations was reported by another British surgeon, Dr. R. G. Clement, of Manchester. One of his patients had eight major surgical operations in fourteen years, most of them for difficulties entirely unconnected with one another. All were successful and the patient still is reported alive and well.

A French physician, Dr. Henri Bouquet, is authority for an interesting list of the parts of the human body which can be spared without sacrificing life and which, accordingly, may be removed by the surgeons in case of need. The list includes both arms and both legs; both eyes; both ears and all other sense organs; the entire throat and breathing mechanism, since persons so deprived can take food through a tube into the stomach and air through one into the lungs; one lung; many of the large arteries and veins; the entire stomach and most of the intestines, more than half of the liver and all of the bladder; one kidney; one each of the various glands which are duplicated and all of some of them; many nerves; nearly all muscles and bones and even half of the brain.

And finally there is the remarkable fact of the endurance which the human machine will acquire to poisons. The ancient king named Mithradates is supposed to have accustomed himself in this way to withstand any poison known to the science of his time, so that he might eat with reasonable freedom of mind amid the hoards of political poisoners infesting his realm.

Probably no modern adventurer ever attempted this feat, nor would it be possible in these modern days of many poisons of which Mithradates never dreamed. Yet medical records contain many instances of persons who have acquired, accidentally or purposely, immunity to some one or two poisons which otherwise would be assuredly fatal. Nor dare anyone be dogmatic about the limits of endurance which might be acquired, even to poisons, by someone who tried hard enough, for all the evidence indicates that the human frame can learn to endure almost anything.

I Send Women

My Way of Removing Blackheads In a Single Treatment . . . FREE

Edna Wallace Hopper, "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old," discloses another of her startling youth revelations.

Mail Coupon for Free Tube

So many young women have asked me how to get rid of blackheads and reduce large pores.

My answer is, "Purge the pores." *Use a laxative on your skin just as you would a laxative on your system.* I know most of you didn't know you could do this. That you're surprised such a thing can be done. But it can. And very simply and quickly. *Often in a single treatment.*

What you use to do it is White Youth Pack, a preparation I found out about years ago in Paris.

I never let a week go by without using it myself. Once every week I purge my pores. I wish you could look at my skin and see the result. There's not a line, not a blemish on my face. My skin's as young, as fresh as it was when I was 16.

I brought the formula of White Youth Pack back from Paris. I had my name put on it so you'd know you were getting the same thing I use. It is called *Edna Wallace Hopper's White Youth Pack or Clay.* The one made from the original French formula. That does away with blackheads and large pores in a single treatment.

You can get it at any drug or toilet goods counter, or mail coupon for free tube to try. The whole treatment takes only a few minutes' time. Full directions come with every tube.

Edna Wallace Hopper

MAIL FOR FREE TUBE

Edna Wallace Hopper AW-4
4316 North Kilpatrick Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me free supply of your White Youth Pack.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Blind-Man's-Buff

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 18)

blood; not one of 'em has the slightest idea how to hang on to money after it's made — and yet they've been raised in a careless sort of affluence, with ideas of family importance, and a position that has to be lived up to. In addition to that, each one of them has some sort of interest or ambition that needs money to keep it going. Mark has his laboratory. You heard Connie say he'd take the clothes off her back to buy apparatus. Lucia wants to travel, and enough money to support her while she writes stuff that suits her instead of the public. Judith wants everything: freedom, clothes, a chance to snatch a little happiness before it is too late."

"You haven't given any motive for Aunt Hagar."

"Because I can't cook up one offhand. Certainly she doesn't need any more money. She already has enough to take care of her in comfort. The only thing that seems to fit her case is madness."

"But you've just proved the murderer was sane."

"Far from it!" For the first time Jimmy gave me the pale ghost of his impish grin. "I merely presented you with one of my brilliant theories. Here's the reverse angle: The murder is most certainly demented; only a madman would send a warning to its victim, and then take the senseless risk of killing him under our very noses."

"But Doug—" I began, quoting his own argument.

"—was saved because Aunt Hagar's scream frightened the murderer away before he had managed to cut his throat. Instead, the knife slipped and made that slash across his forehead and cheek. The hammer was covered by the handkerchief, not with any idea of softening it but to prevent finger-prints."

"If we accept the insanity theory," I was mentally checking the list of suspects, "I suppose it takes in everyone of Conroy blood."

"Yes; Aunt Hagar, Lucia, Mark and Judith. I'm also inclined to suspect Harker. He may not be a Conroy; but if he hasn't become slightly coo-coo from living on this island alone for ten years with that tomb, I'll eat my panama."

"He's never shown any signs of violence."

"None of them have, except, possibly, Aunt Hagar. Lots of lunatics go about, unsuspected, for years. They're teaching school. Performing operations. Running banks. Especially running banks." (Jimmy had suffered sorely in the recent finan-

(Continued on Page 20)

ILLUSION:

You see knives flash from the magician's hand and plunge into the board, framing the girl so closely that she cannot move.

EXPLANATION:

Here is one way the *blindfold knife throw* is done: The knife thrower lets the knife go over his shoulder into the wings. The knife that you see quivering beside the girl is another knife. The girl standing against the board presses at the right place and a knife is sprung from behind the board into position.

SOURCE: *"Magic Stage Illusions and Scientific Diversions" by Albert A. Hopkins, Munn & Co.*

Copyright, 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

It's fun to be fooled — ...it's more fun to KNOW

A clever trick employed in cigarette advertising is the illusion that manufacturing processes account for *mildness* in a cigarette.

EXPLANATION: All popular cigarettes are made in much the same way. Cigarettes vary greatly in mildness because they vary greatly in the quality of *tobaccos* used. Mildness, as well as character and good taste, depends upon the quality of tobaccos used.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

This is the most important statement ever made in a cigarette advertisement. Weigh its words. Consider what it means. Smoke Camels *critically* and learn to appreciate what costlier tobaccos can mean to you in mildness, in throat ease . . . in added *pleasure!* Other cigarettes, we believe, will taste flat and insipid to you forever after.

— NO TRICKS ..JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

CAMELS

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Choose Veal, Now at Its Best, for the Spring Menu

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE thrifty housewife must be familiar wh "Who's Who in Grocerm" and also "What's in Season" ? she is to purchase for her famil, to the best advantage. The foo shop or market may offer a limitless choice, nevertheless she will wisely pick the meat or the product which is at its particular prime, hence best in quality, cheapest to her purse, and all around most satifactory.

Veal is the meat-of-the-month for April and the succeeding Spring. Veal, as not every newly-wed may know, is the muscle and flesh of the young beef animal up to 8 weeks of age. No veal should be killed or eaten under 6 weeks, when it is popularly called "bob veal" and in which condition the flesh is soft and of poor flavor.

To select veal, choose meat which is firm and almost white with a delicate pink tinge. The fat should be pinkish, white and firm. Veal, being an immature meat, is more gelatinous and has more albumin than the mature beef. It should have more fat added in the cooking and also be cooked longer and much more slowly.

While roasting is an excellent method for some veal cuts, perhaps the most ideal cookery is that called braising, which is a combination of roasting and a moist cooking process. This moist hot for a relatively long time breas down the tough fibers and conective tissues and softens the nst. An ordinary heavy iron frying pan, kept covered during the aking, offers an ideal utensil fo cooking veal.

What cut sha we select? Since veal comes fm a much smaller animal the cutsre somewhat different from that beef. The breast is a delicat and choice piece for roasting ens for the large family. So also the adjoining shoulder of veal which may be boned and filled with a pocket of savory dressing. In the calf what corresponds to prime ribs of beef are so small as to be only rib and loin chops. These, however, make the most satisfactory cut for the small family or the simple meal.

Again, allowing for variation in size we find that the choice crosswise cuts from the leg of the animal become "cutlets" in veal whereas they are the heavy "round of beef" in the older animal. The cutlet, then, is really steak and is perhaps the most popular single cut from the entire veal animal. Most veal recipes featuring veal fried or sauteed or in fricassee are taken from the cutlet or steak.

The neck and the leg bones or shank of veal contain a very large proportion of gelatin. This makes them suitable for soup, broths, and also for those dishes evolved from strained veal stock and known as "veal jelly," much liked by men and very delicious when served chill and firm and with a zestful mayonnaise.

Before leaving the veal animal and discussing how different cuts may best be prepared, let us ution sweetbreads. This again is'en a puzzling name for the beginer who may confuse sweetnds with brains. However, thsweetbread is merely the gland the calf animal, and is not found such a gland in the mature be. The sweetbread is of a heart sa, and in two parts, sometimes id separate, but preferably phased together as "a pair of sweetbreads." The pair will serve 4 persons.

They require careful and unusual advance preparation as follows: Cook as soon as possible after delivery from the store as they do not keep well. Wash in cold water to remove loose membranes. Drop in boiling water to which has been added salt and also 2 tablespoons of lemon juice to each 1 quart of water. Parboil 20 minutes, at a simmering flame. Drain immediately, plunge into cold water to blanche them and leave in cold water until further process is started.

After this preliminary care the sweetbreads may be broiled, panfried or cut into cubes and covered with a cream and similar sauce. This creamed method is very popular for use in patty shells, over hot baking power biscuits or when served cold as a salad. Diced cold cooked sweetbreads may be combined with chicken and celery in a particularly glorified luncheon or party salad.

What we commonly call "calf's liver" is now being spoken of preferably as "veal liver." Naturally it too has a more tender muscular texture than the adult beef liver. As a rule merely wipe the liver with a damp cloth before using. It should have been cut in ¾ inch slices. Dip in seasoned flour and sautee or panfry not more than 10 minutes and always over a medium fire. Intense heat and long cooking toughen all meat fibers!

The breaded veal cutlet is so familiar as to seem to require no comment. However, remember to have the cutlet sliced 2 inches thick. Pound well on both sides to tender it. Do not neer. Rub with salt and pepper and cover with lemon juice. Spread with ¾ cup tomato catsup, and cover with buttered crumbs. Add only enough water in the skillet or pan to keep dish from burning. Cook covered or with moist heat about 45 minutes, then uncover for 15 minutes or longer.

A stuffed cutlet may be left whole and have about 2 cups of a savory stuffing inserted into a prepared "pocket." Use stock for braising and a low heat. Serve cutlet surrounded by mushrooms and a can of stewed corn, and pass a tart jelly.

Since veal is the meat that most resembles chicken, one would expect to find it at its best as a fricassee. If a brown fricassee is desired, then seer the meat on both sides, but for a white fricassee do not seer it. Follow any usual chicken fricassee recipe.

The variation of fricassee called Schnitzel is made from the cutlet cut 1 inch thick, and then again into inch cubes. Roll each cube of meat in flour and then pan-fry in bacon or other savory drippings. Remove the meat and brown flour in remaining fat. To the flour add tomato juice, sliced onion, bay leaf, salt and pepper. Replace the meat in pan and cook gently at simmering heat for 30 minutes longer. Add generously of paprika and serve very hot.

Because of its soft texture, veal is an ideal meat for all chopped, minced or otherwise "made" dishes. Veal birds for example, or veal rolls, and recipes under many names prove to be small pieces of veal wrapped around a stuffing or dressing in which minced veal is an important ingredient. Then the roll or bird is treated to a slow cooking, which develops a delicious gravy.

Certain seasonings always seem to belong with certain foods. Veal seems to call out for lemon juice, nutmeg, paprika, parsley, celery, green peas, mushrooms and cream sauces. It does not combine so well with strong flavorings or any of the coarser vegetables such as cabbage, turnips, etc. Asparagus, however, is another green vegetable which quite fortunately is in season at the same moment and many delectable combinations of veal and asparagus may come out of the sauce-pan.

Mention must be made too of veal kidneys, likewise a light delicacy excellent on toast and as contrast or garnish. When purchasing veal chops ask to have the kidney retained in them, as this gives a special flavor to the chop. Choose veal, now at its best, for the Spring menu!

Menus for Spring Entertaining

Bridge Party

Tiny E'Claire Filled With Chicken Salad
Cranberry Jelly — Sandwiches
Pistachio Ice Cream — Cherry Cake — Coffee

Children's Party

Assorted Sandwiches Made in Fancy Shapes
Peppermint Ice Cream
Cup Cakes With Decorated Frosting

Stag Supper

Fried Oysters — Jellied Vegetable Salad
Reheated Rolls — Apple-Cheese Tarts
Hot Fruit Punch or Coffee

College Girls' Party

Jellied Stuffed Pear Salad on Chicory
Whipped Cream Mayonnaise
Checkerboard Relish Sandwiches — Tiny Baking Powder Biscuits (Hot)
Individual Honey Pumpkin Pies With Whipped Cream
Candied Ginger — Coffee

Luncheon

Tomato Bouillon
Lobster Farci With Potato Balls — Jellied Red Cherry Salad
Cream Cheese Balls — Bar le Duc Dressing
Ice Cream or Trifle
Snow Balls (Plain Cup Cakes With Cocoanut Icing)
Candies — Coffee

Blind-Man's-Buff

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 19)

cial upset.) "And nobody guesses the old brain isn't all there until something, frequently something quite unimportant, brings on a crisis."

"What sort of thing?"

He answered seriously, as though it was a point upon which he had put a great deal of thought. "Something like that discussion of murder we had on the hill. I can imagine an incipient madman—one of the manic-depressive type—being influenced by all that talk about killing. Then, if Berto chanced to ask that particular person to help him with his mummery, it might be the one thing needed to throw him, or her, over the borderline into active mania. The idea of turning the silly hoax into reality may have become too fascinating to resist; and that, in turn, may have suggested the horrible humor of continuing the story by murdering Lee."

"That doesn't explain Sally."

"I'm not offering it as an explanation. You asked what might bring on madness, and I gave the talk on the hill as an example."

"Then you don't believe it was Prillie who wore that raincoat last night?" I asked out of a brief and thoughtful silence.

"No. I think she's trying to shield someone."

"Judith?"

He nodded somberly, "Judith."

"You remember, she wasn't at dinner—which would have made it easy for her to put that paper on the table in the living room. I'm referring to the threat against Lee, of course. Then, last night she could have put the raincoat over her nightgown, slipped out through her French windows and up to the tomb."

"What about that call?"

"I'm ignoring that for the present. The important thing is to find out whether Judith could have gone up the hill. Suppose she met Lee at the tomb, struck him on the head with a hammer—which she had concealed in the pocket of her raincoat—and cut his throat. Suppose at that moment she heard Doug running up the path, and hid in the shrubbery. While Doug was bending over the body, she wrapped Lee's handkerchief around the head of the hammer—"

"Why should she have had the handkerchief?"

"She probably took it from the pocket of Lee's dressing gown with the idea of wiping the blood from her hands."

"Speaking of blood, why were there no spots on the raincoat? Lee's throat was cut in much the same fashion as Berto's, and the blood must have spurted."

"That," Jimmy said, "probably explains the use of the hammer. She'd learned her lesson on Berto's murder. This time, she knocked Lee out so she could cut his throat from behind, where she was not so likely to be spattered."

For a moment I contemplated this horrid suggestion, while Jimmy went on:

"If you ask me her motive, I'll tell you that I don't know. I'd say it was sheer madness if it weren't for that handkerchief wrapped around the head of the hammer. That looks as though she didn't wish to kill Doug, merely to stun him."

"How about the gash on his face?"

"That may have been caused accidentally. Possibly she was startled when the gun went off. Or—hold on! Perhaps her first intention was to let Doug off easy, but, afterwards, she began to worry for fear he might have seen her, and she changed her mind. Just as she was bending over, starting to cut his throat, Aunt Hagar screamed, and the knife slipped."

"Then you think it was Judith Aunt Hagar saw bending over Doug?"

"Yes. Remember, she said it might have been either a man or a woman."

"You heard her admit, last night, that her eyes were none of the best. She may have been mistaken. Or—wait a minute! How's this? Perhaps Judith had some vague idea of concealing those bodies in the tomb. Suppose she ran up the steps, found the door locked, and ran down again, just as Aunt Hagar came out on the gallery."

"Possible," I admitted. "Could Judith have got back to the house in time?"

"I believe so. Between Aunt Hagar's scream and Judith's appearance in the upper hall there was an interval of a little more than three minutes. She had only to run down the hill and up the north steps, through the French windows and into her room, take off her raincoat and rubbers, put on her dressing gown and join us in the hall."

"But you said there was no mud on the rubbers."

"She probably washed them in the rain barrel. It would have taken only a few seconds. Hang it all, Phil——" He broke off and leaned back in his chair with a sigh, putting his hands to his eyes with a troubled gesture. "It all fits together too well. I'm convincing myself. And I hate to do that. I like Judith."

I, too, liked Judith; but as I followed his reasoning I realized that for some time she had been in the back of my mind. Not only was she the daughter of mad old Nathan Conroy, but also, after her years of virtual slavery with Hagar, she had, of them all, the most reason to be embittered by life, and the most need for money to aid her in seizing upon a fleeting happiness before it was too late.

Jimmy was continuing his monologue. "I fancy she left the raincoat and rubbers in her room last night. Mrs. Prill discovered them this morning and loyally tried to hide them in the gallery closet."

He finished his coffee and rose with a sigh. Crossing to the chair, he lifted the bundle he had brought in and unrolled Judith's raincoat and rubbers.

"What are you going to do now?" I said.

"Much as I hate it, I'm going to take a look at Judith's room."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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MARYE DAHNKE HAS A KITCHEN-FULL OF INSPIRATIONS

I WANT A BRAND NEW SURPRISE TO SPRING ON MY BRIDGE CLUB

LET ME GIVE YOU THE RECIPE FOR MY SIX-DECK SANDWICH

Six decks do seem like a lot for one sandwich! But not one too many when they're to be put together with "Philadelphia" brand Cream Cheese.

Notice I say *brand.* I've discovered many women think "Philadelphia" means any cream cheese. It doesn't! They have in mind the creamy texture, the cool, delicate flavor of the one and only "Philadelphia", but they just order "cream cheese"—and what a disappointment! *Genuine* "Philadelphia"—rich with sweet cream—comes *only* in the 3 ounce silver foil package plainly marked "Philadelphia" brand.

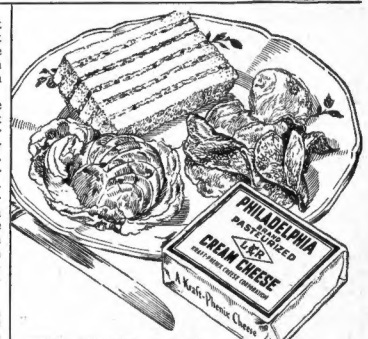
Here's the surprise to spring on your bridge club. My *Six-Deck Sandwich!* Cut six slices of fresh sandwich bread lengthwise from the loaf. Between your first two slices spread "Philadelphia" brand and minced parsley; the next two "Philadelphia" and pimientos; the next, "Philadelphia" and chopped olives; next Kraft Ham-N-aise; then "Philadelphia" and chopped green pepper. Cut the long loaf in 2-inch portions and serve with potato chips and fruit gelatin molds.

Velveeta Omelet has a rich cheese flavor

There's a smooth golden "cheese rabbit" slipping from this omelet's fluffy sides. For a six-egg omelet, add ½ package Kraft Velveeta, diced, to the beaten yolks. Add the beaten whites. When the omelet comes out of the oven, sprinkle with more Velveeta. Fold the fluffy thing in half—and serve. Velveeta is highly nutritious, and it's as digestible as milk itself!

Let's have a good old-fashioned Cheese Rabbit

Let's not let the Cheese Rabbit, beloved of gay '90 bachelors, become a lost art. Particularly now since we have full, natural flavor in a packaged American Cheese! Blend 2 tablespoons of flour with 2 tablespoons melted butter. Add 1 cup milk and cook until thick. Add plenty of seasoning and ½ pound of Kraft American Cheese, cut in small pieces. When the cheese has melted, sprinkle with chopped parsley, serve on crackers or toast.



Cauliflower and shrimp make a unique salad

Marinate a head of cooked, chilled cauliflower with Kraft French Dressing, and place in a lettuce lined salad bowl. Cover with Kraft Mayonnaise, and garnish with shrimps. Kraft Mayonnaise gives you superb smoothness—true delicacy, for it's blended by the new, exclusive method—the Kraft Miracle Whip. And it's *always* kitchen-fresh!

Free—recipe booklets

We have two little recipe booklets you'll want. One has cheese recipes, the other is full of salad ideas. They're yours for the asking. Write to me at The Home Economics Kitchen, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, Dept. N, 400 Ruah St., Chicago, Ill.

Marye Dahnke

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Longer LIFE for Household Appliances

As 3-in-One *lubricates* it *cleans* the working parts of appliances; also *protects* them against rust. Special blending from three oils makes it do this triple duty.

For best protection, 3-in-One should be used regularly. On the sewing machine; electric fans; hinges and locks; all household devices. Sold in handy cans and bottles by all good stores.

3-IN-ONE OIL

CLEANS - OILS - PREVENTS RUST

How BLONDES *hold their sweethearts*

MEN stay in love with the blonde who makes the most of her hair. She does it with Blondex, the powdery shampoo that sets light hair aglow with new lustrous beauty—keeps it golden-bright and radiantly gleaming. Brings back real blonde color to stringy, faded light hair. Blondex bubbles instantly into a frothy, searching foam that routs out every bit of scalp dust—stimulates hair roots. Safe—it contains no injurious chemicals. Leaves hair soft and silky. Let Blondex make your hair unforgettably alluring.

Blondes are all talking about the new 25c size Blondex. How lucky they can buy Blondex for just a few cents! Until now it never sold for less than $1.00. This extremely low price is possible because Blondex has become the largest-selling blonde shampoo in the world, especially in Germany and Scandinavian countries. More and more blondes use it regularly. Try the inexpensive 25c package and see how much lovelier aven your first Blondex shampoo makes your hair. Sold at all drug and department stores.

NOW! NEW SIZE BLONDEX 25¢

Cleans and Scours with less effort and without scratching

OVER 6½ million women endorse Gottschalk's Metal Sponge by using it regularly. Beware of imitations. On sale at five and ten cent stores, grocery, hardware and department stores, or direct for 10c . . . Look for the brown trade mark on the red Cellophane window envelope.

METAL SPONGE SALES CORP., *Philadelphia, Penna.*

GOTTSCHALK'S Genuine METAL SPONGE

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

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995 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Salads Are a Good Spring Tonic

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Salad Suggestions.

THE variety of salad combinations is limited only by the ingenuity of the housekeeper in utilising left-over vegetables, fruits and meats. Among the accessories that are most palatable are radishes, olives, pickles, cheese balls, curled celery or hearts, Bar le duc currants or salted nuts. Cheese straws, beaten biscuits, thin crackers, toasted crackers, small fancy slices of toast, cheese tea biscuits, nut tea biscuits, beaten biscuits or sultines may be served with salads instead of the conventional sandwich. Fresh raw fruits should be served often. Many raw vegetables, as raw tomatoes, grated carrots, shredded cabbage, and celery add variety to the menu and provide necessary food constituents. Rub the bowl with freshly cut onion or crushed garlic or add a few drops of onion juice if you wish a delicate suggestion of onion.

Date Salad.

MIX 2 cups diced apple, 1 cup sliced dates, 3 tablespoons salad oil beaten with ¼ tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon powdered sugar and a few grains salt. Chill in ice box. Drain and arrange on crisp lettuce leaves. Sprinkle with nut meats, if desired, and serve with or without cream salad dressing.

Pear Salad I.

ARRANGE canned pears on bed of crisp romaine. Sprinkle with chopped watercress and serve with Russian dressing.

Pear Salad II.

SPRINKLE drained canned pears with Bar le duc dressing. Chill in ice box. Arrange on crisp lettuce or romaine. Make small balls of well seasoned cream cheese with butter paddles and garnish with candied mint leaves. Place two or three of the cheese balls on each piece of pear.

Grapefruit and Green Pepper Salad.

ARRANGE sections of grapefruit on crisp lettuce. Sprinkle with shredded green peppers and serve with French dressing.

Cherry and Raspberry Salad.

PICK over, wash and drain ripe raspberries. Stone fine ripe or canned cherries. Sprinkle cherries and raspberries with melted currant jelly and serve on heart lettuce with cream cheese dressing.

Apple and Carrot Salad.

ARRANGE diced or thinly sliced ripe apples on a crisp bed of lettuce. Sprinkle with freshly grated raw carrots. Serve with any desired dressing.

Apple and Celery Salad.

CUT ripe apples in match-like pieces. Shred crisp celery diagonally across stalk. Moisten with mayonnaise or well seasoned cooked dressing. Arrange on crisp lettuce and garnish with sliced ripe olives or stuffed olives.

Stuffed Apple Salad.

WASH choice red apples and remove core, making a large hole in the center of each apple. Stuff with cream cheese and nuts, tinting mixture with vegetable coloring if desired. Let stand in ice box until serving time. Slice and arrange on crisp lettuce.

Pineapple and Tomato Salad.

PEEL choice ripe tomatoes. Scoop out inside. Sprinkle with salt. Invert and let stand in ice box until ready to use. Mix diced pineapple with mayonnaise dressing and refill shell. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with mayonnaise.

Orange and Spanish Onion Salad.

ARRANGE sections of orange pulp on crisp romaine. Place one or two thin slices of Spanish onion on orange. Sprinkle with nut meats, serve with well seasoned French dressing.

Romaine Salad.

STONE and stuff canned white cherries with pieces of pecan nuts. Mash 1 cream cheese, season well and make into balls about the size of the cherries. Roll the cheese balls in finely chopped walnuts or pistachio nuts. Arrange stuffed cherries and cheese balls on romaine or lettuce and serve with French dressing.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Coddled Apples.	Grapefruit.	Fruit.	Berries.	Cooked Fruit.	Bananas with Cream.	Fruit.
Cereal.	Creamed Chipped Beef.	Oatmeal.	Cereal.	Poached Eggs on Toast.	Broiled Bacon with Golden Corn Bread.	Buttered Toast.
Toast.	Muffins.	French Toast.	Toast.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.
Coffee or Substitute.	Coffee.	Jelly or Marmalade.	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Stuffed Egg Salad.	Vegetable Omelet.	Smothered Chicken.
Cream of Vegetable Soup.	Baked Stuffed Peppers.	*Luncheon*	Stuffed Egg Salad.	Hot Baking Powder Biscuits.	Spanish Sauce.	Cream Gravy.
Crisp Crackers.	Rolls.	Scalloped Macaroni with Tomatoes.	Hot Baking Powder Biscuits.	Prune Whip.	Potato Rolls.	Steamed Rice.
Old-Fashioned Fruit Shortcake.	Prunes in Orange Jelly.	Pineapple and Cream Cheese Salad.	Prune Whip.	Tea.	Baked Apples with Raisins.	Green Vegetables or Romaine Salad.
Tea.	Whipped Cream.	Whole Wheat Bread.	Tea.	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	French Dressing.
Dinner	Tea.	Tea.	*Dinner*	Beef and Potato Pie.	Steamed Fillets of Flounder.	Fruit Compote.
Planked Ham with Candied Sweet Potatoes.	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Beef Loaf.	(Left-Over Beef).	Parsley Sauce.	*Supper*
Buttered Cauliflower.	Tomato Juice.	Beef Loaf.	Brown Gravy.	Buttered Beans.	Spaghetti.	Spanish and Tongue Salad.
Heart Lettuce Salad.	Broiled Fish.	Brown Gravy.	Mashed Potatoes.	Savory Beet Salad.	Green Peas or Cole Slaw.	French Dressing.
French Dressing.	Mashed Potatoes or Noodles.	Mashed Potatoes.	Turnip Greens.	Pear and Cream Cheese Salad.	Pear and Cream Cheese Salad.	Graham Bread.
Mystery Custard.	Spinach.	Turnip Greens.	Rhubarb or Loganberry Sponge.	Pineapple Tapioca.	Tardets.	Baked Caramel Custard.
	Timbales.	Rhubarb or Loganberry Sponge.				Tea or Cocoa.
	Deep Apple Pie.					

American Weekly Patterns

A PRETTY FROCK FOR GRADUATION OR DANCE (7854). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20, with corresponding bust measure 33½, 35, 36½ and 38, also in 40 and 42. Size 14 will require 3¾ yards of 39-inch material.

A STYLISH MODEL (7654). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38, if made as in the large view, will require 4½ yards of 39-inch material. With long sleeves and without bolero it will require 4 yards.

A NEAT, COMFORTABLE MORNING DRESS FOR THE LARGER WOMAN (7660). Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. Size 46 will require 4½ yards of 35-inch material if made with the yoke portions. Without the yoke, 4 yards.

A SIMPLE, EASY-TO-MAKE, LITTLE MODEL (7868). Designed in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. Size 3 will require 1⅞ yards of 35-inch material if made with the capelet. Without the capelet, 1¼ yards will be required.

A PRETTY FROCK, GOOD FOR SCHOOL OR GENERAL WEAR (7515). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require 2¼ yards of 29-inch material if made with capelets. Without capelets, 2 yards will be required.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 25c in coin (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES) to

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If you desire a copy of our NEW SPRING AND SUMMER BOOK OF FASHIONS FOR 1933, containing 230 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also Hints to the Home Dressmaker, send 10c in coin to American Weekly Patterns, 11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ZIP 50¢

WHITE PERFUMED
DEPILATORY CREAM GIANT TUBE

As delightful as your choicest cold cream. Removes every vestige of hair. Simply spread on and rinse off. *Madame Berthé, Specialist* Also ask dealer for *ZIP* Epilator, formerly $5.00, now $1.00

ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT
PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

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You can see its convenience at a glance!

Net content 3½ cu. ft. Shelf area 8 sq. ft. with SHELVADOR $95

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Prices Include Freight, Duty

The greatest improvement in refrigerator cabinet design since the invention of the ice box. Just open the door and THERE it is! An exclusive patented feature of the Crosley—the least electric refrigerator possible to buy, and of the new low prices.

Prices include freight, delivery, installation and one year's free service. Send for descriptive circular.

The CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI, OHIO

New CROSLEY Electric REFRIGERATOR WITH SHELVADOR

START THE NEW BABY RIGHT

Introductory Offer for Expectant Mothers and Mothers of Nursing Infants.

Clip and mail this ad today and receive a generous sample (more than ANTI-COLIC brand BANI-TAB, triple-tested with famous ANTI-COLIC three-hole, ball top, and new BANI-TAB which provides sterilization. Easier to put on (Mother can be bottle nursing baby and not disturb baby's sleep) and clean. Write baby's full address clearly and send a penny. Mail today to DAVOL RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. A-6, Providence, R. I.

Protected by U. S. and foreign patents.

Name .....
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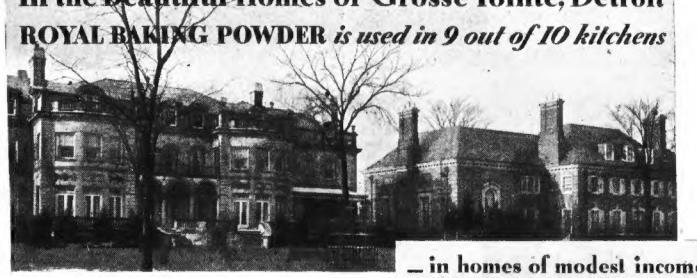
In the Beautiful Homes of Grosse Pointe, Detroit

ROYAL BAKING POWDER *is used in 9 out of 10 kitchens*



● This beautiful residence is one of the fine homes in Grosse Pointe, Detroit, where Royal Baking Powder is used. A recent canvass of 250 homes in this exclusive neighborhood showed that in 233—over 93%—the only baking powder used is Royal!

—in homes of modest income too, where good taste prevails, ROYAL is almost invariably used

This famous baking powder costs so little—slightly over 1¢ worth for a big cake—that any housewife can use it . . . even though her food budget is limited

People who insist on quality in everything they buy—whether their incomes are large or small—almost invariably use Royal. Read these interesting letters from two women—both discriminating, but in different financial circumstances.

MRS. F. S. F., whose magnificent home is shown above, says:

"We always buy Royal, because there is no question about its quality.

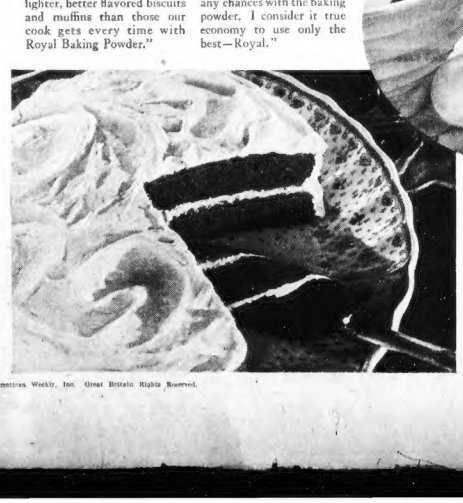
"When a cake is made with Royal, I know to a certainty that it will be especially delicious and fine textured.

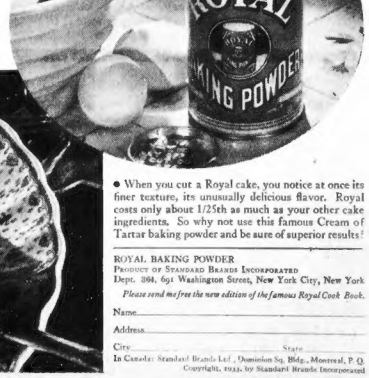
"And no one could ask for lighter, better flavored biscuits and muffins than those our cook gets every time with Royal Baking Powder."

MRS. R. E. K., whose home is a small but charming suburban cottage, says:

"Like everybody else, we must keep expenses down this year; but I will not skimp on quality.

"When I'm using good fresh butter, eggs and milk in a cake, I don't want to take any chances with the baking powder. I consider it true economy to use only the best—Royal."





● When you cut a Royal cake, you notice at once its finer texture, its unusually delicious flavor. Royal costs only about 1/25th as much as your other cake ingredients. So why not use this famous Cream of Tartar baking powder and be sure of superior results!

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED
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Please send me free the new edition of the famous Royal Cook Book.

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2 SAVE ON GASOLINE

"I get more miles on a gallon in my Chevrolet—than in any other make of car I ever owned!"

3 SAVE ON OIL

"Never mind checking the oil. I seldom have to add any between changes."

In a dozen different ways
YOU'LL SAVE WITH A NEW CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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7 SAVE ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS

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"Here's another reason why you ought to have a Chevrolet—it has such a high trade-in value."

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"This little card gives me free inspections and a big saving on oil and lubrication. It takes Chevrolet to figure out a bargain like that."

10 SAVE YOURSELF FROM WORRY

"Safety plate glass! Solid Fisher bodies! Big, smooth brakes! I've never ridden in a car with so many things about it to make you feel secure."

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"Just been to Jonesville and back—over that detour—and I didn't mind it a bit! My, that Chevrolet rides comfortably and smoothly."

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"That Fisher No Draft Ventilation that you've got on your Chevrolet certainly has kept you from catching colds this spring, hasn't it?"

● You hear a lot of talk about saving, nowadays . . . *what* to save . . . *where* to save . . . *how* to save. Here is one way that you *know* is sure, sound and safe, because thousands have proved it—*save with a new six-cylinder Chevrolet!*

It's a car with everything you want for comfort. It's big . . . roomy . . . beautifully finished inside and out. It has more new advancements in safety, health, and riding and driving ease than any other low-priced car. Everybody agrees that it is just about the smartest thing on wheels. As for performance—it's an actual fact that Chevrolet has found a way to combine lightning pick-up and racing-car speed with smoothness that is unapproached in its field! Yet this fine, full-size, powerful car actually helps you to save—not just on gas and oil . . . not just on upkeep . . . *but in a dozen different worthwhile and practical ways.*

Read over these economies. Can you afford to pass them by? In justice to yourself—can you overlook a single one of them? You'll probably agree with the majority of motor car buyers that you want them all. What's more, you are sure to find, if you look around, *that only with a new Chevrolet can you get them all.* It's the *only* car priced as low as $445 with six cylinders, Fisher bodies, Fisher No Draft Ventilation, the Octane Selector—many other great features. *And it takes them all to let you save and be satisfied!*

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